

fantasy newsletter

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Events & Awards

Final Ballot nominees for the 1980 World Fantasy Awards were announced in late August by assistant awards administrator Peter D. Pautz. The award winners will be selected by a panel of five judges for presentation at a special awards banquet at the World Fantasy Convention in Baltimore, November 2. The judges for the 1980 awards are Stephen R. Donaldson, Frank Belknap Long, Andrew J. Offutt, Susan Wood and Ted White. Following are the Final Ballot nominees, by category:

Life Achievement Award:

H. Warner Munn
Manly Wade Wellman
Jack Vance
Avram Davidson
L. Sprague de Camp

Best Artist:

Stephen Fabian
Michael Whelan
Don Maitz
Boris Vallejo

Best Novel:

The Last Call of Mourning by Charles L. Grant (Doubleday)
Harpiet in the Wind by Patricia McKillip (Atheneum)
The Palace by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (St. Martin's Press)
The Dark Bright Water by Patricia Wrightson (Atheneum)
Watchtower by Elizabeth A. Lynn (Berkley/Putnam)
The Dancers of Aram by Elizabeth A. Lynn (Berkley/Putnam)

Best Short Fiction:

"Petey" by T. E. D. Klein (*Shadows* 2 ed. by Charles L. Grant)
"The Button Molder" by Fritz Leiber (*Whispers* ed. by Stuart Schiff)
"The Woman Who Loved the Moon" by Elizabeth A. Lynn (*Amazons!* ed. by Jessica A. Salmonson)
"Saturday's Shadow" by William F. Nolan (*Shadows* 2 ed. by Grant)
"Macintosh Willy" by Ramsey Campbell (*Shadows* 2 ed. by Grant)

Special Award--Professional:

Donald M. Grant
Pat LoBrutto (Doubleday)
Lester del Rey (Del Rey)
Donald A. Wohlhelm
James Turner (Arkham House)

Special Award--Non-Professional:

Paul Allen (*Fantasy Newsletter*)
Stuart David Schiff (*Whispers* and *Whispers Press*)
Pat Cadigan/Arnie Fenner (*Shayol*)
Harry Morris (*Nyctalops*)

("Events & Awards" continued on page 13)

fantasy newsletter

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Editorial

Stephen King seems to have captured the hearts and minds of Americans. Certainly no stranger to bestseller lists to begin with, he has occupied two bestseller lists--both hardcover and paperback--for the past few weeks and undoubtedly will for at least the next few weeks to come, as this is being written.

One can hardly pick up a newspaper without spotting at least a mini-interview with the author, placed on the wire by some enterprising reporter who managed to corner him in a bookstore or shopping mall for five minutes. The stories are usually accompanied by either a photo of a somber-faced man with an eerie glow to his eyes and deep shadows surrounding his face, or, on other occasions, a relaxed individual with two rows of pearly white teeth grinning through a bushy, black beard.

Both views are probably correct in varying degrees. Certainly the former is the image that comes to mind when one considers some of the bizarre characters and situations of his fiction. While others who have met him describe him as a friendly, down-home, almost country-bumpkin type of individual who always enjoys a good horselaugh.

What is it about King's books that attracts so many people? King is an extremely good writer, but "good writing" never attracted the masses. Do fantasy and horror have that common appeal to people? Do people read King's books to escape? Or is it morbid fascination? We may never know. But his books have attracted millions of people to the fantasy and horror genre--people who never heard of Arkham House, or Arthur Machen, or "Lovecraftian" and similar terminology King enjoys planting now and then in his fiction.

King's roots in fantasy fandom appear to go back pretty far. I believe his first published story was "The Glass Floor" in the Fall 1967 issue of Robert A. W. Lowndes' *Startling Mystery Stories*. It followed several rejections, according to the editor. And anyone who has seen King in the huckster room of a convention can attest to his fan proclivities.

It's good to see a fan making it!

Our cover: I'd like to welcome Real Musgrave to *FN*'s pages. I met Real at Fool Con III in Kansas last April; I was not familiar

with Real's work before we met and when I caught my first eyeful of his delightful dragons, it was love at first sight (er, with the dragons, not him...). It was there that I first saw "Saturday Night" and Real kindly consented to making it a cover for *FN*.

Well, it was bound to happen one of these issues department: If you're wondering what happened to Dr. Jeffrey Elliot's interview with Stanton A. Coblentz last issue, it fell victim to Murphy's Law. Due to a mixup relative to the advertisements on pages 15 and 29 last month, the text on those two pages ended up being reversed--the ads came out fine. So, when reading "The Fan Press," turn from page 28 to page 15. And, when reading the interview, turn from page 14 to 29 to 16.

Although I'm not naive enough to promise that this sort of thing won't happen again, I have made some changes on how I handle the pasteups for *FN* which should minimize the odds of it happening again.

On the bright side, at least it didn't say something like "Dewey Defeats Truman..."



Next issue: Fantasy Newsletter will cost you more. Annual subscriptions will be increased to \$15 per year via second class mail and \$22 via first class mail. Overseas subscriptions will be \$15 per year via surface mail and \$29 via air mail. The single copy price will advance to \$1.95.

All of this hurts and I don't enjoy doing it; but I'm tempted to say, "Join the club." I've been living with some painful cost increases for quite a few months now. This price increase is really long overdue and much smaller than the cost increases *FN* has had to absorb over the past year.

This price increase is effective with the December 1980 issue. If you'd like to beat the price increase by renewing your subscription early, I will be accepting subscriptions at the old rate up to October 20th (approximately the time the December issue will be out). Orders postmarked after that date will be pro-rated to the new rates.

Isn't that a hell of a way to have to close an editorial?

-- Paul C. Allen

I was born in Leicester, a Midlands manufacturing town, on June 26, 1931, right at the beginning of the slump. My parents were young--my father 20 and my mother 19, and I was the first born in the whole of that generation of family--which I think was probably quite important in many ways. It meant that I got a lot of attention from grandparents and aunts and uncles--as well as a great deal of admiration from my own mother, which as Freud says, probably gives a male child a lifelong sense of self-confidence.

My father worked in the boot and shoe trade making about £3 a week, and I don't think he was particularly happy as a married man--they got married because I was on the way. He was a strong-willed and bad-tempered character, who really loved the countryside and knew the name of every bird and flower. My mother, on the other hand, was an avid reader--not just of true romances and true detective magazines (although there were always plenty of those around the house), but of all kinds of novels from *Elinor Glyn* to *Wuthering Heights*. She would get me interested in books by telling me the plot, and then I would read them myself--I was reading full-length novels at about the age of nine.

When I was ten, an uncle gave me a volume called *The Marvels and Mysteries of Science*, and another gave me a set of magazines called *Arm Chair Scientist*. From that moment onwards, I was determined to be a scientist. Forst, it was astronomy that fascinated me--naturally--but later, after my mother bought me a chemistry set for Christmas, I set up a laboratory



Colin Wilson: The Outsider

by Colin Wilson & Jeffrey Elliot

in the spare bedroom and devoured enormous volumes on inorganic chemistry that I got from the local library. At 13, I was reading everything about Einstein that I could lay my hands on, and was hoping to work on the atomic bomb--I can still remember my disappointment when I heard that the first one had been dropped on Hiroshima.

All this intellectual activity was a bit vertiginous for an adolescent, and produced a kind of mild schizophrenia--a sense of separation from reality--that soon led me to a conviction that human life is basically quite futile. I suppose this feeling was increased by the kind of adults I knew--none of them particularly intelligent, and a few

downright half-witted. When I discovered the poetry of T. S. Eliot--*The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men*--at the age of 15, I felt immediately that he was saying what I had been feeling for years.

This meant that I spent my teens under considerable mental strain--I contemplated suicide on a number of occasions. At the age of 16, I left school without the necessary number of credits to matriculate, and had to take the math

exam again. During these months, I took a job in a kind of wool factory and warehouse, which used to leave me completely exhausted. I used to spend my evenings reading poetry--starting off with gloomy stuff like Poe and Eliot and James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, but by the time I'd been reading for about an hour, cheerfulness had usually returned, and I was enjoying things like Milton's *L'Allegro*.

The result was that by the

time I had taken the math exam and got the necessary extra credit--which opened for me a job as a laboratory assistant in my old school--I had more-or-less lost interest in science and decided I wanted to be a writer. I'd also discovered the plays of Bernard Shaw, which were probably the single greatest influence on me throughout my teens. I went back to school, the idea being that I should take my B.Sc. But instead of working at science, I simply spent all my time trying to write plays and short stories. These, of course, were invariably rejected by the editors I sent them to. I suppose the years from the age of 16 to 18 were the gloomiest of my life. I was in a permanent state of boredom, resentment, and nervous exhaustion. When the school discovered that I'd lost interest in science, they sacked me--in the kindest possible way--and I then became a civil servant in Taxes, which bored me even more.

My period of National Service in the R.A.F. was a pleasant change--I thoroughly enjoyed the training period. But when I was finally assigned to an anti-aircraft unit as a clerk, I once again sank into complete boredom. One day I was thoroughly rude to the adjutant when he was nagging at me about my typing. He was so startled that he offered to send me to see the doctor, and said that if I could get a certificate saying I was "nervously unstable," I could probably get out of the R.A.F. When I actually saw the doctor, I had a sudden inspiration and told him I was homosexual (which I am not). From then on, the whole thing went like a dream, and about three months later I found myself out of the R.A.F.--having only spent some six months in uniform.

I was now determined that I would never go back to dreary office jobs. For a while I became a kind of tramp, wandering around the country, but I'm a typical Cancer and really need the stability of a home background. My father threw me out of the house, saying that I was obviously going to be a bum, and I went off to France for a period and lived with Raymond Duncan, the brother of the dancer Isadora Duncan, at his "Atelier" on the left-bank of the Seine. Then I spent a few weeks in Strasbourg with a pen friend. Finally, I came back to England that Christmas, got another boring office job in an engineering works, and ended by getting the factory nurse pregnant. She was nine years my senior, and we married just before my 20th birthday in 1951. I then moved to

London, taking navvying jobs--which I preferred to office work--and finally she moved there with me. Our baby arrived in November--a son--and we found it very difficult to get lodgings. Landladies simply didn't want babies. So after half a dozen moves over a period of years, we temporarily split up, hoping to be able to raise the "key money" for a flat. As soon as we were separated, the emotional strains of the marriage made themselves felt, and we began to quarrel by post. In fact, we were enormously fond of one another--but I think that moving around from lodging to lodging and working in factories would put a serious strain on any marriage.

During the first half of 1953, when we had just separated, I worked in a hospital in Fulham as a porter. That also bored me--I seemed to have spent most of my working life being bored--and I went off to Paris in August of that year. (So, technically speaking, I'd deserted my wife.) When I came back from Paris a few months later, I went back to Leicester, took a temporary job in a big store as a carpet salesman, where I met my present wife Joy--who had to teach trainees how to use a cash register.

I returned to London early in 1954--Joy followed me later--took a series of jobs in factories and offices, from most of which I was sacked after a few weeks, and worked on my first novel *Ritual in the Dark*, set partly in the East End of London. Later on in 1954, I decided that I'd buy a tent, and save myself rent. In fact, a tent was not necessary--a water proof sleeping bag proved to be far more useful. So during most of the summer, and well into the winter of 1954, I slept around parks and playing fields in the London area, most of the time, up on Hampstead Heath. I used to spend my days in the British Museum writing my novel. It was there that I met Angus Wilson, who was then in charge of the British Museum reading room. He agreed to read my novel when I'd completed it, but that was still a long way off.

As the winter rains came on, I decided that I'd better move indoors again, and took a room in New Cross. I also found myself a job in a new coffee house that had opened in the Haymarket. For the first time in my life, I actually found myself happy at my work--I worked every evening from about half past five until midnight, and most of the other employees were either drama students or out-of-work actors. It was there that I suddenly

got the idea for *The Outsider*--explaining to a friend of mine about the three different types of "Outsiders" in my first novel, *Ritual in the Dark*. I planned the book during the Christmas of 1954, and as soon as the British Museum opened again in the new year, went there and started writing. I was actually on my way to the Museum when I remembered that novel by Barbusse called *Hell*, in which a man discovers a hole in the wall of his hotel room, and then spends his life peering through it at the people who come and go in the next room. I suppose he struck me as a kind of archetypal Outsider. So I began the book with that piece about the man trying to look up the skirts of women on the tops of trams...

I was very lucky with *The Outsider*. I had found myself a kind of spare-time job sitting in an office answering the telephone, and there was a typewriter available. So I began to type out the opening chapter of the book and a bit from the middle of it. I had picked up a book by Victor Gollancz on mysticism, and decided that he would be a good publisher to offer it to. I sent him a long letter about *The Outsider* together with the few pages I'd typed out, and to my surprise, received a nice letter back saying that he would be very interested to see the whole book as soon as it was finished. In fact, my mother fell ill later that year with peritonitis, so I delivered about half the manuscript to Gollancz while I went up to Leicester to see her--expecting that it might be my last opportunity. Fortunately, my mother slowly recovered. By the time I'd got back to London, Gollancz had said that he thought he would quite definitely accept *The Outsider*, and offered me a contract.

I was convinced that I wouldn't be able to finish it to his satisfaction and that he would probably end by rejecting it. In fact, he seemed quite happy with the rest of the book--which I typed straight onto the typewriter to save time--and it finally appeared in May 1956, about a month before my 25th birthday. It so happened that John Osborne's play *Look Back in Anger* went on the same week at the Royal Court Theater. Both of us "woke up to find ourselves famous." From the moment the reviews appeared on the Sunday morning, I had a non-stop stream of journalists coming to interview me. One review was headed "He's a Major Writer--And He's Only 24."

It was a vertiginous experience, suddenly being lionized by literary hostesses and receiving



lish play since Sheridan. You've only written a book of quotations from other people's work."

George Devine, the director of the Royal Court Theater (which had produced Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*), had invited me to write a play for him, and even suggested that I should watch the actors "kicking it around," and make various changes as it went along... and in due course, I finished the play down in Cornwall, and sent it off to him. I had no acknowledgment, but a few weeks later the play came back with a simple printed rejection slip. This was typical of the kind of hostility I seemed to arouse in those days. (Mind, the Royal Court was full of extreme leftists, and people like Kenneth Tynan were already going around saying that I was basically a kind of "spiritual Fascist," though I never quite worked out what they meant.)

The sequel to this story is amusing and worth telling. My friend Bill Hopkins happened to be staying with me in our cottage. I wrote a rather irritable letter to George Devine, pointing out that he had practically commissioned me to write a play for him, and then going on to take him to task for the way that he treated a number of friends of mine who had also been let down badly by the Royal Court. Bill read the letter and said that it was a pity simply to send it to Devine—who would probably not bother to reply. It would be a better idea to phone it through to his brother, who worked on the *News Chronicle*, as an "open letter to George Devine." I let Bill persuade me. Having phoned it through to Bill's brother, Bill said that it seemed a pity to give it only to one newspaper, and he himself then rang it through to half a dozen others. The next morning, they all printed it, but with completely hostile comment. They rang up someone at the Royal Court, who said that my play was no better than "A child's TV serial," and there was a great deal more bitchery of the same sort. It was an example of the way that publicity can blow up in your face.

Again, a typical anecdote of the period. My friend Stuart Holroyd—associated with me and Bill Hopkins as one of the non-leftist "Angry's," had written a play about the religious conversion of a Dutch fighter pilot, based on his actual journals. George Devine offered to put this on for a Sunday evening at the Royal Court, and if it was successful, to give it a longer run. As we went into the theater, I saw Kenneth Tynan there with Christoph-

er Logue—a left-wing poet who had attacked me as a "neo-Nazi." Just before the end of the play, Logue suddenly began shouting from the audience—comments like "absolute rubbish." He then got up and walked out of the theater. Two minutes later, Kenneth Tynan also leapt to his feet and walked out of the theater. I was so angry by this time that I jumped to my feet, intercepted Tynan, and said "Look Tynan, if your bloody friends want to express their opinions, why don't they write their own plays..." Tynan screamed at me (with his stutter) "g-g-g-g-get out of my life Wilson!", and rushed out of the theater slamming the door.

Ten minutes later, several of us went into the pub next door and saw Tynan and Logue sitting there drinking. Stuart's wife was so furious that she rushed at Logue, grabbed him by the hair and pulled him down on to the floor. Tynan tried to hit her, or perhaps only pull her off, and for a moment there was something of a free fight. It soon simmered down, and we left the pub. But the next morning, we hit all the front pages of the London newspapers with headlines like "Angry Young Men Fight at Royal Court."

Anyway, this was the kind of thing that aroused the hostility that finally engulfed my second book, *Religion and the Rebel*, which I finished in Cornwall. When it came out, it was slaughtered. Two leading critics who had launched *The Outsider*—Cyril Connolly and Philip Toynbee—took care not to review it. It was handed to critics who hatched it. In America, *Time* magazine came out with a long review headed "Scrambled Egghead"—saying "Colin Wilson's game of intellectual hooky is finally up." If *The Outsider* was one of the most successful books of the post-war period, *Religion and the Rebel* was probably the most unsuccessful.

Oddly enough, I felt a kind of relief at suddenly being down off my pedestal. I hated this feeling of being expected to produce masterpieces. Besides, I'd discovered that England simply has no intellectual tradition. I could produce the most brilliant and original ideas in the world, and nobody in England would notice. I'd have to wait until the book got into a French or German translation... England is simply not interested in ideas.

Financially speaking, things were rather tight for the remainder of the 1950s. My next book, *The Age of Defeat* (in America *The Statute of Man*), was written almost by

more money than I'd ever had in my life before. But the endless publicity—about "Angry young men"—caused a reaction in the serious critics, with the consequence that within a few months, nobody had a good word to say for me. The critics who had praised the book now said that it was merely a compendium of other people's ideas. Early in 1957, my girlfriend's parents turned up to try to drag her away from me—they'd even brought a horse whip. They said that I was a homosexual and I had six mistresses. That little episode went into all the national papers, and Gollancz advised me to move out of London to Cornwall. Someone offered me a cheap cottage near Mevagisey, and we moved there in the spring of 1957.

At first I found it very difficult to adjust to the quiet of the country. The events of the past nine months had made me so accustomed to the "rat race" that I simply couldn't unwind. I used to walk up to collect my post from the farm in the morning, and reflect that it seemed ironical that, in the midst of this beautiful scenery, I felt somehow completely detached and indifferent. Mild schizophrenia, in fact.

My mail didn't always help much—my press cuttings seemed to be full of attacks on me. By this time, my reputation had reached a kind of rock-bottom—everyone seemed determined to establish that I had only become "famous" by some kind of freak publicity. In London, John Osborne and his wife Mary Ure came to a party of mine, and Mary Ure expressed the current opinion—when she was drunk—by saying "John has written the most original Eng-

accident--Bill Hopkins, Stuart Holroyd and I heard that a publisher was bringing out a symposium of essays by the "left-wing Angry's," and decided that we would do our own book. As it was, I was the only one to complete my contribution. Gollancz offered me a \$500 advance if I would let him do it on its own; the other two agreed, and I couldn't afford to turn it down anyway. So out it came, getting oddly enough, a far better reception than the previous one. It also led the psychologist Abraham Maslow to take an interest in my work, and to write me a letter which, indirectly, was to have an enormous influence on my future work.

I went on a lecture tour of Europe for the British Council in 1958, and was filled with a kind of envy to see how seriously ideas were taken in Germany and Scandinavia. Instead of asking me questions about my personal life, journalists wanted to know where I differed from Sartre and Camus...

In 1958, the man who had rented our cottage to us seemed to want to move back into it, so we somehow scraped enough money to move into the house we live in at the moment. I must say that I never cease to feel grateful for this fortunate accident. We bought the house and two acres of ground for less than \$5,000. Ten years later, its value had already increased tenfold, and we most certainly couldn't have afforded it then.

My novel *Ritual in the Dark*--on which I'd been working long before *The Outsider*--finally came out in 1960, and got a fairly good reception. For a while, it looked as if it might be made into a film, giving me the financial security I needed so badly. But these plans fell through. I wrote to John Malcolm Brinnin, who had written the book on Dylan Thomas in America, to ask him if he could arrange a lecture tour for me, and he put me on to the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Washington. In 1961, I went on my first lecture tour of the States--a series of one-night stands for 12 weeks, which left me absolutely exhausted, but at least paid off all my debts in England. (Unfortunately, it left me with very little cash to spare!)

The lecture tour had one very good effect--having to repeat the basic ideas over and over again suddenly made me begin to see my way "beyond the Outsider." I saw clearly that what I was creating was fundamentally a new form of existentialism--a kind of optimistic existentialism. I sketched it out in *The Strength to Dream*, *Origins*

of the Sexual Impulse and Beyond the Outsider, and then completed the six volumes of my "Outsider series" with a summary of the basic ideas called *Introduction to the New Existentialism*, which I still regard as perhaps my most significant single book. Typically, it was completely ignored in England. Nothing I could do by this time could persuade the critics to take me seriously again. They felt they'd been fooled once and weren't going to fall into the same trap again.

On the purely practical level, the 1960s were simply a scramble to keep the wolf from the door. Books of ideas never sell many copies. I was very lucky that *The Outsider* had been so successful--it at least meant that most of my books appeared simultaneously in England and America, and the joint advance from both countries might

be a couple of thousand pounds--enough to live for about six months. But things remained pretty hard. After *Ritual in the Dark*, I continued to write novels, usually writing a novel around the ideas of the philosophical book I was writing at the time--so that *The Strength to Dream* is paralleled by *The World of Violence* (in America *The Violent World of Hugh Green*), *Origins of the Sexual Impulse* by *The Man Without a Shadow* (in America *The Sex Diary of Gerard Some*), and *Introduction to the New Existentialism* by *The Mind Parasites* (oddly enough, the theme of the book is actually sketched out in a paragraph of *New Existentialism*). *The Mind Parasites*, which came out in 1967, received some of the best reviews I'd received in years, and gave me the feeling that perhaps things were not so black after all. I'm not a

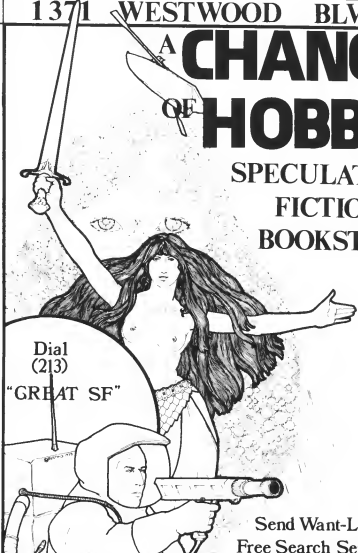
(Continued on Page 31, Col. 1.)

FANTASY PAPERBACKS-HARDCOVERS-MAGAZINES

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Specialty Publishers



Artist: Thomas Canty

DONALD M. GRANT

Just out from Donald M. Grant are three new deluxe, limited edition books. *Fields of Sleep* by E. Charles Violan is the long-awaited first U.S. hardcover edition of this classic lost race novel, illustrated by Thomas Canty. Originally planned for publication last October (see the announcement in FN #19) the book was scrapped part of the way into production due to quality problems. The novel's only previous U.S. publication was as *The Valley of Silent Men in Famous Fantastic Mysteries*.

Readers who enjoyed Thomas Canty's cover for the June FN will find much to enjoy in this volume, including two finished versions of the cover illustration. Canty's work includes a full color wraparound dust jacket painting, a color tipped-in frontispiece (signed), three double-page illustrations, four full page illustrations, and a number of decorations in addition to an elaborate designed title page—all in Canty's distinctively elegant style. The 239-page volume is deluxe bound in a simulated leather binding, is limited to 1,200 copies, and is priced at \$15.

Science Fiction in Old San Francisco is a two-volume study by Sam Moskowitz of a nearly-lost SF movement that took place uniquely in San Francisco from 1854 to 1890. Volume 1, *History of the Movement*, is a nonfiction volume detailing the history of this (undoubtedly) first serious science fiction move-

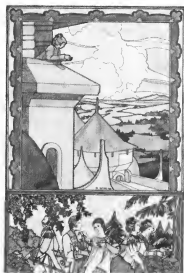


Artist: Ned Dameron

ment and examining the works of a number of writers who contributed to it. Chief among those writers was a Robert Duncan Milne, whom Moskowitz notes was probably the first professional, full time SF writer. His works appeared chiefly in newspapers and have never been collected prior to volume 2 of this set: *Into the Sun and Other Stories* by Robert Duncan Milne, with an introduction by Moskowitz. Included in the volume are 11 of Milne's estimated 60 stories, selected by Moskowitz. Also featured are five black-and-white interior illustrations by Ned Dameron, in addition to a color wraparound dust jacket painting. Both books run approximately 250 pages, are deluxe bound in cloth, and priced at \$15 each. Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, RI 02892.

UNDERWOOD/MILLER

Due out October 1st from Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller is a limited hardcover edition of Harlan Ellison's newest novella, *All the Lies That Are My Life*. This special Underwood/Miller edition is a longer version of the novella that will appear in the November issue of *F&SF* and in Ellison's forthcoming Houghton Mifflin collection, *Shatterday*. Included are an introduction by Robert Silverberg and afterwords by Norman Spinrad, Robert Sheekley, Thomas M. Disch, Vonda McIntyre, Philip Jose Farmer and Edward Bryant, (all of which are unique to this edition). The



Artist: Alicia Austin
"The Last Castle" by Jack Vance

136-page, clothbound book features a dust jacket and 9 interior illustrations by Kent Bash. The 400-copy trade edition is priced at \$12 and a 200-copy signed and numbered deluxe edition in a special binding is priced at \$25.

Slated for introduction at the World Fantasy Convention in Baltimore over the Halloween weekend is a new deluxe, first cloth edition of *The Last Castle* by Jack Vance. The oversize 9" by 12" volume will feature a color wraparound dust jacket, a color frontispiece, three interior color plates, and additional interior black-and-white illustrations by Alicia Austin. A 1,000-copy trade edition is priced at \$20 and a 200-copy signed and numbered edition is priced at \$30.

Finally, available now from Underwood/Miller is a reissue of their 1977 hardcover edition of *Always Comes Evening* by Robert E. Howard. The volume is identical to the original 1977 edition except for a newly designed dust jacket: a wraparound photo of human skulls, with lettering designed by Mara Murray. Price is \$10. All mail orders should be addressed to Chuck Miller, 239 N. 4th St., Columbia, PA 17512.

THE ELLIS PRESS

Currently available from The Ellis Press is *Riverworld War: The Suppressed Fiction of Philip Jose Farmer*. The 112-page softcover booklet contains "Riverworld War"—portions of *The Magic Labyrinth*

that did not appear in the book-- and an abridged version of *Jesus On Mars* that was to have appeared in *Asimov's SF Magazine*. The book-let features a cover illustration by Joan Hanke Woods and interior artwork by Woods and Frank Borth. A regular edition is priced at \$6.95 and a 500-copy numbered and signed edition is \$11.95.

Planned for November publication is *Philip Jose Farmer: The Authorized Bibliography* by George H. Scheets, with an introduction by Farmer. Planned for 1981 is *Philip Jose Farmer Conquers the Universe* by Francois Mottier, translated from the French. For additional information, write: The Ellis Press, P. O. Box 1443, Peoria, IL 61655.

PHANTASIA PRESS

According to a recent flyer from Phantasia Press, *The Maker of Universes* by Philip Jose Farmer is now available, revised and corrected, with a new introduction by Farmer and a color wraparound dust jacket illustrated by Doug Beekman. The 1,000-copy regular edition is priced at \$15 and a 200-copy slipcased, signed and numbered edition is \$25.

Also available is Phantasia's 500-copy deluxe first edition of *The Humanoid Touch* by Jack Williamson, featuring a color wraparound dust jacket illustration by Ed Valigursky, priced at \$30 in a signed and numbered edition. This Phantasia first edition precedes by a few months the Holt, Rinehart & Winston trade hardcover.

Next on the agenda from Phantasia is volume two in the five-volume *World of the Tiers* series by Philip Jose Farmer, *The Gates of Creation*, with a jacket illustration by George Barr. Phantasia Press, 13101 Lincoln St., Huntington Woods, MI 48070.

ARKHAM HOUSE

Just published and scheduled for late October availability is *New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos* edited by Ramsey Campbell. This is an original anthology of new stories based on the Cthulhu Mythos and includes the following: "Crouch End" by Stephen King, "The Star Pools" by A. A. Attanasio, "The Second Wish" by Brian Lumley, "Dark Awakening" by Frank Belknap Long, "Shaft Number 247" by Basil Copper, "Black Man With A Horn" by T. E. D. Klein, "The Black Tome of Aisophocus" by H. P. Lovecraft and Martin S. Warner, "Than Curse the Darkness" by David Drake, and "The Faces at



Artist: Jason Van Hollander

Pine Dunes by Ramsey Campbell.

The 257-page book is cloth-bound and features a wraparound dust jacket and title page illustrations by Jason Van Hollander. I'll have a review of the book in the next issue. Price is \$11.95. Arkham House, Sauk City, WI 53583.

MISFIT PRESS

Two publications currently available from Howard DeVore at Misfit Press are *A History of the Hugo, Nebula, and International Fantasy Awards* compiled by Donald Franzen and Howard DeVore, and *SF and Fantasy Pseudonyms* compiled by Barry McGinn. The former is a 129-page softcover book listing all of the Hugo, Nebula and International Fantasy Awards recipients down through the years, in addition to the nominees who didn't win. Included are inserts for the 1980 Nebula and 1979 Hugo awards, just recently awarded. The latter is a 77-page softcover booklet listing nearly 2,500 authors and pseudonyms by both real and fictitious names.

The awards booklet is priced at \$4, postpaid, and the pseudonyms booklet at \$2.50, postpaid. Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel St., Dearborn, MI 48125.

KUYKENDALL PORTFOLIO

Cat People and Other Inhabitants of the Outer Regions is the title of a portfolio of fantasy artwork by Karen Kuykendall. Self-published and bound in much the same format as the Peacock Press Frazetta portfolios, the 64-page softcover booklet reproduces 30 full color fantasy paintings by Ms. Kuykendall, dating between 1953 and 1979. Ms. Kuykendall's style is an unusual and attractive one; her paintings are often full of elaborate mosaic or jeweled pat-

CAT PEOPLE AND OTHER INHABITANTS OF THE OUTER REGIONS

Artist: Karen Kuykendall



THE FANTASY ART OF KAREN KUYKENDALL

terns, richly detailed costumes and swirling background or foreground motions. Quite interesting and the reproduction quality is excellent. Priced at \$9.95 from the artist: Desert Diamond Co., P. O. Box 845, Casa Grande, AZ 85222.

ROY SQUIRES

Now available from Roy A. Squires and published by The Lord John Press is *The Last Circus & The Electrocutation* by Ray Bradbury, containing the two title pieces, an afterword by Bradbury ("Under the Mushroom Tent") and an introduction by William F. Nolan. This book is the first publication of "The Last Circus," while "The Electrocutation" has appeared previously only in a 1946 issue of *The Californian*. The volume also includes a frontpiece illustration by Joe Mugnaini.

Letterpress printed and bound in cloth with a dust jacket, the book is available in three editions: a trade edition priced at \$15; a 300-copy edition bound in two colors of cloth with a cloth slipcase and signed by Bradbury and Nolan, at \$50; and a 100-copy edition bound half in cloth and marbled boards with a cloth slipcase and signed by Bradbury, Nolan and Mugnaini, at \$100. Roy A. Squires, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale, CA 91201.

STARMONT HOUSE

Just out from Ted Dikty at Starmont House is the long-awaited and much-delayed *Stephen Fabian* color art portfolio, consisting of eight 11" by 14" full color paintings. (Continued on Page 12, Col. 3.)

Trade Books



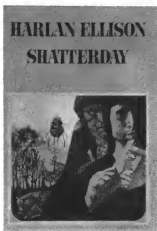
Artist: Ron Miller

BERKLEY/PUTNAM

Coming from Berkley/Putnam in November is *Satyrday* by Steven Bauer, a fable set in a world deep within a forest. An evil owl plots to rule a world of darkness, kidnapping the Moon, planning to kill the Sun, and terrorizing the gentle woodland creatures. Dierdre, one of the owl's ravens, flees to get help from the meadowlands and Matthew, a gentle satyr, Derin, a human boy of mysterious origins, and Vera, a magical white fox, make the journey to Deadwood Forest to stop the owl. The book will be illustrated with line drawings by Ron Miller (who also did the dust jacket). Price is \$11.95.

Under the Perigee imprint in trade paperback will be *The Transgalactic Guide to Solar System M-17* by Jeff Rovin, a 288-page guide to an imaginary solar system that manages to spoof "familiar foibles found on our own Spaceship Earth." Included are working vocabularies for six planets, an accommodations guide and "don't miss" local attractions. Included are 70 black-and-white illustrations. Price is \$6.95.

Upcoming from Berkley in the months ahead are *The Northern Girl* by Elizabeth A. Lynn, *The World and Thorin* by Damon Knight, and *The Final Quest* by Richard Monazo. All three are due in January. A recent note from Berkley indicates that Frank Herbert has delivered his new 'Dune' novel for June '81 publication. Berkley Publishing Group, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.



Artist: Leo & Diane Dillon

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

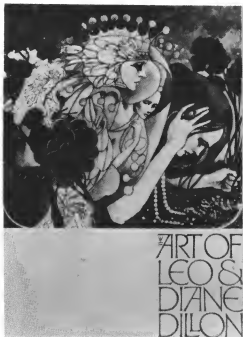
As noted in Specialty Publishers, Houghton Mifflin will be releasing *Shatterday* by Harlan Ellison in November. The volume is Ellison's 36th book, a collection of 16 previously uncollected stories that includes "Jeffy is Five," "All the Lies that Are My Life," and the title story. Price is \$11.95. Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, MA 02107.

GROSSET & DUNLAP

Due out from Grosset & Dunlap in November is the first edition of Robert A. Heinlein's newest non-fiction volume, *Expanded Universe*, portions of which have appeared in *Destinies*. Alternatively titled *The New Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein*, the volume is a thick collection of 14 articles and 7 previously uncollected stories. The volume is basically comprised of "the wit and wisdom" of Robert A. Heinlein and should be a must for Heinlein fans. Price will be \$12.95. I'm sure the people at Grosset will love me for telling you this now, but the Ace trade paperback edition will be out in February at \$8.95. Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., 51 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10010.

SCHOCKEN BOOKS

A children's release for November from Schocken Books is *The Hundredth Dove* by Jane Yolen, a new collection of seven modern fairy tales, with ten illustrations by



David Palladurini. The trade paperback will be priced at \$4.95. Schocken Books, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

BALLANTINE BOOKS

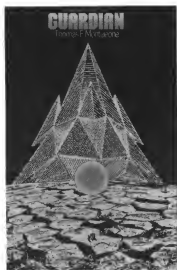
Among November releases from Ballantine Books is *The Empire Strikes Back Notebook* edited by Lindsay Smith, containing the full screenplay to the movie, including storyboards, dialogue and continuity. Also included are a profile of and interview with director Irvin Kershner, along with sketches of characters, props and locations. The 128-page, 8 1/2" by 11" trade paperback is priced at \$5.95.

The Art of Leo and Diane Dillon edited by Byron Preiss is a 96-page collection of their artwork that includes 32 full color plates. Featured in the volume are an interview with the artists and step-by-step explanations of their work methods. The 9" by 12" trade paperback edition is priced at \$14.95 and a simultaneous hardcover edition is priced at \$20.

Also scheduled for November is *The Book of Nonsense* edited by Paul Jennings, a collection of nonsense stories and verse by diverse hands ranging from Dickens and Flaubert to Swift and Perelman. The 448-page trade paperback is priced at \$6.95. Ballantine Books, 201 East 50th St., New York, NY 10022.

DOUBLEDAY

November releases from Doubleday include two fantasy titles that



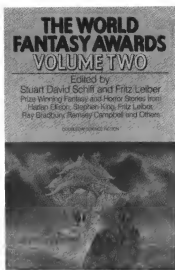
Artist: Gary Freidman

I'm sure will be welcomed by most. *Beneath An Opal Moon* by Eric Van Lustbader is a continuation of his "Sunset Warrior" cycle in which Ronin must face a new force that is beginning to unsettle the peace. Price is \$8.95. The second title is *Shadows 3* edited by Charles L. Grant, the third volume in his original anthology series of horror stories. Included are new stories by Ray Russell, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro and Davis Grubb. Priced at \$10.

September releases that were published on schedule (as previewed in *FW* #28) are *Guardian* by Thomas F. Monteleone, at \$8.95, and *The World Fantasy Awards: Volume Two* edited by Stuart David Schiff and Fritz Leiber, at \$10.95. *Guardian* is an SF novel on an Earth of the far future in which society has been reduced to feudal states; a group of four people attempt to locate a legendary machine of the "First Age" in an effort to restore their world to its former glory.

The World Fantasy Awards leads off with an excellent 23-page introduction by Fritz Leiber and includes the following stories:

"The Whimper of Whipped Dogs" by Harlan Ellison, "Jerusalem's Lot" by Stephen King, "The October Game" by Ray Bradbury, "Smoke Ghost" and "Belsen Express" by Leiber, "The King's Shadow Has No Limits" by Avram Davidson, "The Ghastly Priest Dorth Reign" by Manly Wade Wellman, "A Visitor From Egypt" by Frank Belknap Long, "It Only Comes Out at Night" by Dennis Etchison, "The Barrow Troll" by David Drake, "Two Suns Setting" by Karl Edward Wagner, "The Companion" by Ramsey Campbell, and "There's A Long, Long Trail A-Winding" by Russell Kirk. In addition to the dust jacket illustration by Roger Dean, the volume includes four reprinted interior illustrations by Tim Kirk and Stephen Fabian.



Artist: Roger Dean

Scheduled for September but not yet seen at press time is *Mad Scientists: An Anthology of Fantasy and Horror* edited by Stuart David Schiff, priced at \$10. Doubleday & Co., Inc., 245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017.

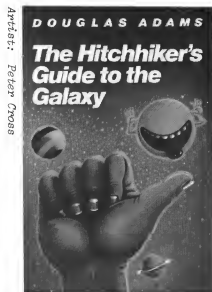
HARMONY BOOKS

An October 1st release from Harmony Books is the first U.S. edition of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* by Douglas Adams, at \$6.95 in hardcover. This is the outrageously humorous novel ("a wacky space oddity") based upon the popular BBC radio series that became a bestseller in its original British edition with more than half a million copies sold. Since an underground cult is already growing up in the U.S. around this book and the radio series, I don't need to say much about it—except that it is indeed a funny book if you happen to enjoy your humor a bit on the wacky side. Harmony Books, One Park Ave., New York, NY 10016.

BANTAM BOOKS

Out from Bantam Books and Peacock Press, as previewed in *FW* #28, is *Frank Frazetta: Book 4* edited by Betty Ballantine. This one may well be considered the best of the four by older Frazetta fans, reprinting some vintage Frazetta (some of it updated) and including dozens of black-and-white drawings from his sketch books. The more than 40 color illustrations provide a good variety of Frazetta's work. Price is \$8.95.

Also out is the first U.S. edition of *The Grey Mare of Morning* by Joy Chant, the heroic fantasy prequel to her earlier *Red Moon and Black Mountain*. The book was first published in England in 1977 by Allen & Unwin. The 334-page Bantam



Artist: Peter Cross

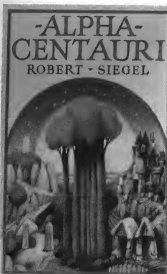
trade paperback features a wrap-around cover painting by Sharp and 16 interior black-and-white illustrations by Martin White, plus an introduction by Betty Ballantine and an autobiography by Chant. Price is \$7.95. Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10019.

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

A late August release from St. Martin's Press is *The Star Sailors* by Gary L. Bennett, a science fiction novel about a Galactic Federation that has established a perimeter within which all worlds are at peace. When the violent death of an expedition to another planet begins providing clues to the existence of an alien civilization based on hatred, the novel's hero sets out to penetrate the perimeter and locate the Apollyoni. This is author Bennett's first novel, priced at \$12.95. St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.

HARPER & ROW

A late August release from Harper & Row is *Nebula Wimmera* Fourteen edited by Frederick Pohl, which contains the 1978 Nebula Award-winning stories, in addition to other contributions: "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley (Best Novella), "Stone" by Edward Bryant (Best Short Story), "A Glow of Candles, A Unicorn's Eye" by Charles L. Grant (Best Novelle), an excerpt from *Dreamsnake* by Vonda N. McIntyre (Best Novel), and the text of a speech, "Little Green Men From Afar" by L. Sprague de Camp (Grand Master Award). Also included are "Cassandra" by C. J. Cherryh and "Seven American Nights" by Gene Wolfe, and two articles, "Science



Artist: Roy Doty

Fiction: 1938" by Isaac Asimov and "The Future of Science Fiction" by Norman Spinrad. Price is \$11.95.

CORNERSTONE BOOKS

Just out from Cornerstone Books in September is a fantasy novel by Robert Siegel entitled *Alpha Centauri*. One might best classify this one as "classical" fantasy: A young girl visiting Britain with her father stumbles into a fogbank and is carried back in time to ancient Britain...a time when centaurs existed and she finds that she was summoned through time to help save the centaurs. The \$9.95 volume features four color interior illustrations by Kurt Mitchell. Cornerstone Books, 9825 West Roosevelt Road, Westchester, IL 60153.

WORKMAN PUBLISHING

Workman Publishing Company has released a Boris Vallejo Fantasy Calendar for 1981, containing 12 paintings plus a center poster in the usual calendar format. Included are Vallejo's paintings for such novels as *The Lavatite World*, *The Broken Sword*, *Demon in the Mirror*, and *Berserker Man*. Price is \$5.95. Workman Publishing Co., 1 West 39th St., New York, NY 10018.

THE BORGO PRESS

Now available from The Borgo Press, as previewed in *FW #26*, are two new volumes in 'The Milford Series': *The Rainbow Quest of Thomas Fynchon* by Douglas A. Mackey (Vol. 28) and *Still Worlds Collide: Philip Hyle and the End of the American Dream* by Clifford P. Bendau (Vol. 30). Both are priced at \$2.95 in trade paperback and \$8.95 in cloth.

Still not seen at this writing are the other titles previewed in *FW #26*: *Literary Voices #1* by Jeffrey Elliot (Vol. 27) and *SF Voices #3* by Jeffrey Elliot (Vol. 29). Also apparently delayed is Borgo's planned *Science Fiction & Fantasy Annual 1*. The Borgo Press, P. O. Box 2845, San Bernardino, CA 92406.

FOUR WINDS PRESS

Four Winds Press, a division of Scholastic Publications, released a number of new titles for young readers in the fantasy and SF line in September: *East of the Sun & West of the Moon* by Mercer Mayer is a variation of the princess and frog-prince story aimed at "all ages," illustrated in full color by the author, and priced at \$10.95; *The Water of Life* by Jay Williams (ages 5-8) concerns the quest of a fisherman for "the water of life" on behalf of his king, with full color illustrations by Lucinda MacQueen and priced at \$8.95; *1000 Inventions* by Alan Benjamin and illustrated in full color by Sal Mardocca is a collection of wacky and humorous inventions designed for "all ages," priced at \$4.95 in a wire-binding format; *The Prince and the Pink Blanket* by Barbara Bremer (ages 5-8) is a nonsense story set in a medieval kingdom with some wild anachronisms, illustrated in color by Nola Langner and priced at \$8.95; *The First Travel Guide to the Moon* by Rhoda Blumberg, illustrated by Roy Doty, is a tongue-firmly-in-cheek guide to space travel for ages 10 and up, priced at \$7.95; and available in trade paperback for the first time is *Everyone Knows What a Dragon Looks Like* by Jay Williams, his award-winning book for ages 5-8, illustrated in color by Mercer Mayer and priced at \$5.95.

Scheduled for October are *The Midnight Son* by Steven B. Miller and *The Secrets of Alkazar* by Allan Zola Kronzek. The former, aimed at ages 10 and up, is described as a "fusion of fantasy and heroic adventure" relating the odyssey of Phaerdan, child of light. The \$9.95 book features more than 450 illustrations by the author. The Kronzek title is a book about magic written by a magician and aimed at ages 12 and up; it features 30 illustrations by Tom Huffman and is priced at \$9.95. Four Winds Press, 906 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632.

(Trade Books

continued from page 9.)

ings by Fabian. Each plate is printed on a matte stock, suitable for framing, with extremely high reproduction quality. Included with the portfolio is a booklet of commentary by Fabian about each of the paintings. Two editions are available: 850 copies in softcover at \$17.50 and 150 numbered copies in hardcover at \$35. The hardcover edition is a very attractive deluxe clothbound cover into which the softcover portfolio has been permanently mounted. Also included in the hardcover edition is an additional black-and-white illustration not contained in the softcover edition.

Originally announced back in *FW #18*, the portfolio was delayed in production through 1980 until it was finally completed in mid-August. Publisher Ted Diky advises me that existing orders for the portfolio have been filled; there are currently about 30 copies of the hardcover edition left and 70 copies of the softcover edition.

With these production problems behind him now, Diky has announced a second color Fabian portfolio for February '81 delivery. Entitled *Fabian Arabesque*, it will consist of 8 color plates, 2 multi-tone plates, and a wraparound color cover. It will again be available in both softcover and hardcover editions (the latter featuring an extra plate) priced, respectively, at \$25 and \$45. Starmont House, P. O. Box 851, Mercer Island, WA 98040.

SF BOOK CLUB

Fall selections of the SF Book Club which should be available in late October are *A Heinlein Trio* by Robert A. Heinlein (containing *The Puppet Masters*, *Double Star* and *The Door Into Summer*) at \$4.98, and *Players at the Game of People* by John Brunner, at \$2.49. The latter will be a Del Rey paperback original in December. Featured alternates are *The Best of Walter M. Miller, Jr.*, at \$6.98, and *Hawk of May* by Gillian Bradshaw, at \$4.98. SF Book Club, Garden City, NY 11535.

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HUGO AWARDS

The 1979 Hugo Awards were presented at Noreascon Two, the 38th World Science Fiction Convention, held over Labor Day Weekend in Boston, MA. Following are the award winners:

Best Novel - *The Fountains of Paradise* by Arthur C. Clarke (Harcourt Brace, Del Rey).

Best Novella - "Enemy Mine" by Barry B. Longyear (Asimov's SF).

Best Novelette - "Sandkings" by George R. R. Martin (Orbit).

Best Short Story - "The Way of Cross and Dragon" by George R. R. Martin (Orbit).

Best Non-Fiction - *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia* edited by Peter Nichols (Doubleday).

Best Dramatic Presentation - *Alien* (20th Century Fox).

Best Professional Editor - George Scithers (Asimov's SF Mag.).

Best Professional Artist - Michael Whelan.

Best Fanzine - *Locus* edited by Charles N. Brown.

Best Fan Writer - Bob Shaw

Best Fan Artist - Alexis Gil-

liland.

The John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best New Writer went to Barry B. Longyear. The Gandalf Award (or Grand Master of Fantasy) for lifetime achievement was awarded to Ray Bradbury.

C.A.S. POETRY AWARDS

The International Clark Ashton Smith Poetry Awards were presented in late July at Fantasy Faire X in Los Angeles. This year's award winner was Donald Sidney-Fryer. Additional winners in each of four sub-divisions were:

Sandalwood (poetry book, anthology or collection): *Ommungathum* edited by Jonathan Bacon.

Clark-ash Ton (non-U.S. poet): Brian W. Aldiss.

Star Treader (for SF poetry): Andrew Joron.

Book of Eibon (for fantasy and macabre poetry): Fritz Leiber.

The awards were presented by George Clayton Johnson, winner of last year's *Star Treader* award. Fritz Leiber provided a reading of the poem that won him his award, "The Poor Little Ape" (*Sonnets to Jonquil and All*, Roy A. Squires, 1978).

Magazines

Scheduled for the November *Magazine of F & SF* is a novella, "All the Lies That Are My Life" by Harlan Ellison, and two novelettes, "Rheemann's Space" by William S. Dowsy and "The Marriage of True Minds" by Charles Sheffield. Short stories are "A Report from the Smith Digest" by Phyllis MacLennan, "Lord of the Dance" by Garry Kilworth, "The Visible Partner" by Kit Reed, "An Unfortunate Incident in the Life of A License Examiner" by R. M. Lanning, and "The Fugue" by Thomas Sullivan. Also included are book reviews by Barry N. Malzberg, a new "F&SF Competition," and the regular departments. The cover is by Kent Bash for the Ellison story.

Sorcerer's Apprentice is a fantasy gaming magazine that usually manages to feature a story or two in each issue. The Summer 1980 issue (#7) features "The Squire's Tale," a new story by Tarith Lee. \$2.25 per copy or 6 issues for \$10. Flying Buffalo, Inc., P. O. Box 1467, Scottsdale, AZ 85252.

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. . . RIVERWORLD WAR by Philip Jose Farmer (5 unpublished chapters from THE MAGIC LABYRINTH, in a 500 copy signed edition); THE DREAM WEAVER by Jane Yolen (stories by a F&SF favorite, illustrated with full color plates by Mike Hague); THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW when it was first published in hardcover; SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE THEATRICAL MYSTERY (150 copy numbered edition); and much more including unusual fanzines like *Nycalops*, *Farmer-Age*, *Fantasy Tales*, *Pandora*, *The Weird Tales Collector*, *The Doc Savage Club Reader*, *The Dr. Who Review*, *The Armchair Detective* and many many more!

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ON FANTASY

by Karl Edward Wagner

'Harvesting Horror'

The possibility that I would be editing *The Year's Best Horror Stories* series for DAW Books never really occurred to me, until at last summer's GunboCon in New Orleans when Jerry Page mentioned that he was planning to resign as series editor and he asked me if I might be interested in replacing him. I signalled the waiter to refill Jerry's absinthe glass and said I would indeed be interested, to which Jerry replied that he would recommend my name to Donald Wollheim as his successor. This he did, and a few weeks afterward at SeaCon in Brighton, Wollheim spoke with me and offered me the position. Thus it happened that I became the third editor in the series' rather lively history.

The series began in England in 1971 under the editorship of Richard Davis at Sphere Books, where it lasted for three volumes. Under Davis' editorship, the series restricted itself to reprint fiction, for the most part selected from works first published during the previous year, although there was some overlap in period of first publication. DAW Books imported the series for the U.S. market, with certain alterations: DAW's Series I was the same as Sphere's No. 1, but DAW's Series II was a selection from Sphere's No. 2 and No. 3. However, in 1975, with DAW's Series III, a major change had taken place. Sphere Books had dropped the series, and DAW's Series III was published in England as an entirely different series, *The First Orbit Book of Horror Stories*, which included stories original to the anthology as well as reprints from as far back as 1958 (the Fritch story, incorrectly acknowledged as from 1968).

With Series IV in 1976, *The Year's Best Horror Stories* became entirely a series from DAW Books. Gerald W. Page, fresh from a stint

as editor of the short-lived magazine, *Witchcraft & Sorcery*, became the new editor. While striving to maintain a "best of the year" basis to his story selection, Page also continued the policy of including a few stories original to the collection with each volume. Page edited the series for four volumes, from Series IV through Series VII, at which point he resigned from the editorship in order to have more time to devote to his own writing.

Jerry left a tough act to follow. However, I did want to make one major change in editorial policy. It seemed to me that an anthology which purports to be "the year's best stories" should indeed be precisely that—an anthology of the best stories in a given category published during that particular year. The fact that many fans had complained about the inclusion of original material in previous volumes of the series convinced me that mine was a generally held point of view—and this was further supported by the response I received once my new editorial policy was announced.

In his introduction to DAW's Series III, Richard Davis explained that the inclusion of original material "can only increase the chances for new writers in this genre to appear in print." While new markets are always welcome to any writer, this nevertheless seems contrary to the avowed theme of this anthology series. Page suggested that I might have a hard time finding enough suitable stories to fill the book if I restricted myself only to stories published during the preceding year. As it happened, the difficulty was in making final selections from the abundance of excellent horror fiction, and for Series VIII I reluctantly had to set aside several stories that were crowded out by space requirements.

This may seem paradoxical; there are no regular newsstand magazines devoted to horror stories,

such as is the case with science fiction—where "best of the year" anthologists need look scarcely farther afield than their annual files of *Analog*, *Omní*, *Isaac Asimov's*, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, etc., or the paperback anthologies (one-shots, annuals, series) that have proliferated in recent years. Some have described these as ghetto publications, arguing that the majority of the fiction (and its authors) could never find print outside these special-interest publications.

Horror fiction, on the other hand, has a far more universal appeal—perhaps because fear is a universal emotion. Adulthood erodes our sense of wonder, society bludgeons our intellectuality, life proves tedium the master of adventure. We never forget how to be afraid.

Listening to Grimm's Fairy Tales (the uncensored versions). Paging through those grisly horror comics (the pre-Code ones). Clustered around a campfire listening to ghost stories (and afterward too scared to pee until daylight). Sneaking a look at those awful late-night monster shows on TV (and making sure you were all the way under the covers afterward). Going to see a horror double-feature (when you'd told your parents you were off to see the Disney movie at another theater). Those heart-stopping nightmares that you still remember long after your childhood dreams are forgotten.

So now we go to see *Halloween* or *The Exorcist* or *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, or read *'Salem's Lot* or *Ghost Story* or *Falling Angel*—and the worst criticism we can level is maybe it wasn't as frightening as we'd hoped. We want to be frightened.

Which is why horror fiction can be found in almost any sort of publication that carries fiction. For that matter, even the science fiction publications include horror stories—George R. R. Martin's

award-winning novelette from *Omi*, "Sandkings," would have been perfectly at home in *The Year's Best Horror Stories*, to name one example. *Fantasy & Science Fiction* and (the late) *Fantastic* have published horror stories from the fantasy genre, and we keep hearing that *Weird Tales* will rise from the grave yet again. Nor have the original anthologies neglected horror fiction: this year we have Kirby McCauley's *Dark Forces* and Ramsey Campbell's two-volume *New Terrors*, in addition to Stuart David Schiff's *Whispers* and Charles L. Grant's *Shadows*, both continuing series from Doubleday.

But most of the current crop of horror stories are being published elsewhere, and thus, as Holmes may have said to Browning, the hunt's afoot. Perhaps the best work being written today in the horror genre pops up in various of the amateur publications--in semi-prozines and fanzines such as *Whispers* (arguably the best periodical devoted to weird fiction ever), *Fantasy Tales*, *Weird-book*, *Midnight Sun*, *Dark Horizons*, *Eldritch Tales*, *Gothic*, *Space & Time*, *Dark Fantasy*--to rattle off just a few of these. Still genre publications, do I hear someone sneer? Then let's have a look at the newsstand magazines. *Playboy* and *Cavalier* carry fiction, and some of it memorable horror fiction. Tearing our eyes away from this section of the stands, try looking through some other types of magazines; if they carry any sort of fiction at all, chances are you'll find a horror story. *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* and *Easyriders* each contributed a story for Series VIII, while sources for next year's Series IX have included regional publications, literary magazines, and an English-language tourist's guide to Paris. I found a lovely one in *The Atlantic* (alas, just outside the period of eligibility), and another from a short-lived slick devoted to sacrilegious humor just did get squeezed out. I haven't seen anything yet in *Organic Gardening* or *Corvette Annual*, but I wouldn't be surprised.

Definitions are so much fun. Some readers (not you, obviously) tend to think of horror stories in terms of lispng Carpathian counts, shambling eldritch polypoids, sheeted translucent figures, drooling ax-wielders, or whatever. Well, yes--some horror stories; when it works, that is. That which evokes a snicker (a genuine snicker, not a nervous laugh) does not frighten. My own consideration of a horror story regards such as being a story that creates a convincing sense of fear/unease/dread. The subgenre of

its theme or the method it utilizes doesn't really matter, so long as the effect evokes that delicious chill. Those who distinguish the horror story from the terror tale from the ghost story from the fright tale (ad infinitum, ad nauseam) are merely, as Shakespeare might well have said, groping o'er miscast hummocks of that fated elephant.

'Tis enough to know we shiver. (Is a shiver distinct from a shudder? From a start? From a chill? From a thrill? Oh, shut up!)

Well, then. What sort of horror stories don't make it into *The Year's Best Horror Stories*, if the woods are so full of 'em and our brave editor professes so catholic a definition?

The key word is *convincing*.

An elementary enough point, to be sure, but one too often overlooked. If you don't believe it, then you aren't frightened. *Alien* and *The Green Slime* both have men in monster suits running about a space ship. *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *Friday the 13th* are both spatter films. We laugh when we see the wires that hold the papier-mache monster together, yawn while cardboard characters leak improbable gallons of red paint. It is not enough to drag out all the trappings of horror; there must be conviction.

And what makes a story convincing? A great many things, all of which must work together. Is the setting authentic--or is the writer who's never been south of New Jersey mocking up a Beverly Hillsbillies version of the Deep South? Are the details accurate--or has our werewolf slayer been making silver bullets by melting down Susan B. Anthony dollars on a Coleman stove? Are the characters believable--or are they unlikely puppets being danced through improbable situations to move the plot along to its predestined conclusion? Is the dialogue realistic? Does the plot make sense? Are background and atmosphere effectively visualized?

Nothing profound in all that, and if you've ever endured a creative writing class you've heard it all many times; these are points to be considered with respect to any form of fiction. However, to echo an argument Ramsey Campbell has made, because a fantasy story by its very nature requires a certain suspension of disbelief on the part of the reader, it is doubly important that all other elements of the story be convincing.

Having mastered such rudimentary considerations, many writers then fail because they let their style get in the way of their story.

Now "style" is another of those fun concepts we all love. Popularly, style is considered to be those distinguishing characteristics that so intrude upon the reader's attention as to make that author's work distinctive from all others. In this light, an author whose style is not intrusive has no style. Don't believe it for a minute, of course--but this logic leads us to the problem at hand.

One of the most popular styles in horror fiction, at least for beginners, is the Lovecraftian style. In this, the author assumes a deadpan narrative approach, reaches deep into the thesaurus to offer at least three polysyllabic adjectives per noun, all of which reaches an unbearable crescendo in a final line, all in italics with three exclamation points, revealing a dread secret that had been obvious from the second paragraph. "My mind filed shrieking along the slithering abysses of lurid and inchoate madness. For the pulsating, amorphous obscene mass slobbering blasphemously upon my doorstep was Professor Farthingale's wife!!!"

How silly. But is this any more absurd than the advanced author's technique of fine writing, in which clichés are avoided like the plague, and each phrase is a wondrous birth of unexpected metaphor, all leading self-consciously to nowhere? "Stale laughter stirred in broken-mirror visions through unfeeling moments of her memory. Tomorrow, she thought, without wondering why. Empty razor blade cartons and hurrying footsteps of raincoated children skimmed the sidewalk beneath her shadow. Yes, tomorrow."

The stories for *The Year's Best Horror Stories* will all, I hope, meet the criteria not only of a good story, but of one of the best. The two factors that now come to play are editorial judgment and access to eligible stories.

Obviously, tastes vary. In selecting "the year's best" I have tried to maintain a broad definition of horror fiction, without regard for genre and subgenre. Series VIII includes material that can be considered science fiction, mainstream, psychological horror, ghost story, contemporary and traditional. In some cases, an author is represented more than once. I tried to consider the stories without regard to their authors; if a Big Name Author had written what seemed to me an inferior story compared to one by a Rank Amateur, I chose the better story. I wanted those stories that truly seemed to me to be the best--without

(Continued on Page 31, Col. 3.)

Collecting Fantasy

by Robert Weinberg

Let's consider for a minute what makes the fantasy and SF field different from most other types of genre fiction. For one, fantasy and SF emerged from the pulps. The pulps did not have the air of respectability that the mystery genre was able to gather about itself in the early part of this century. Mysteries were acceptable reading among adults; most fantasy was not. It was considered juvenile genre literature and not something that any literate adult might enjoy.

Because of this attitude, fantasy fans had to search hard to find their favorite types of fantasy--and thus tended to hoard whatever stories and books they could find. When one couldn't find something new to read, this small collection at least provided some old friends to be reread. Most fans were interested only in the fantasy content (as well as SF--I will use the term to indicate both from now on), so a modern collector will often find excerpted stories from *Argoey* and other fiction magazines, because the fans of the time kept only the fantasy stories and didn't bother saving the rest of the magazine. Even when paperbacks first began publishing reprints, there were only a few scattered fantasy titles--borderline things like *Lost Horizon*.

To help fill this void, the field witnessed the creation of the small press publishers--fans who thought there might be some money in publishing fantasy because of the lack of interest on the part of major publishers. Too, they did it for love--these were books published by fans for other fans, and were advertised primarily in places where fans would be looking for things to buy. No small publisher in the fantasy field ever got rich. The field at the time was simply too small and the money just wasn't there. Selling a few thousand copies of a book was (and still is today, to some extent) a major accomplishment.

At the same time, this smallness did offer one advantage. The publisher did not have to worry about the distribution of his books to bookstores. Most sales were directly to the buyers (i.e., fans) or to the few specialty shops then in existence that made a business

of selling just fantasy.

This same smallness made collecting a great deal easier than in most other genres. Fantasy fans tended to group together, if not in person, at least through the mail and in print. They also knew that they could resell their books and pulps more easily to another fan than to a general used bookstore. When a collector lost interest (or just plain needed money), his collection usually found its way into the hands of other collectors still in the field. The out-of-print fantasy market has always been extremely active compared to the general book field and still is.

Fantasy collecting is a special and unique hobby--much different from collecting in any other genre or field. It is a richer, more diversified field, made so by the unique character of the fans and authors involved in it. Fan activity, from the first early fanzines with material by H. P. Lovecraft to the small press publishers of the 1940s and '50s, has added an extra dimension to fantasy collecting. It is one of the only fields in all fiction where a dedicated collector can find an original cover painting from a favorite magazine, issues of old pulps from the 1930s, unusual fanzines, beautifully printed and bound hardcovers (often illustrated) of favorite stories, and original manuscripts by top writers--all without being either fabulously rich or a full time researcher.

This is going to be a column on collecting fantasy. It is not going to be filled with great, lasting literary criticism, nor is it going to be a history of fantasy fiction. It is going to be exactly what the title implies: a series of columns about collecting fantasy. In it, I hope to point out some rare and obscure works you might have missed. I'll also try to give some hints on how to acquire some of the more interesting items in the field without impoverishing yourself. I'll cover some stories about the more unusual collector's items that have surfaced in the field and also tell some of the stories that dealers swap when they get together. And I'll try to answer any questions you might have about collecting.

In this first column, I'd like

to start off by defining some terms that have been poorly used in the last few years. Too many people use them interchangeably, although their meanings are not the same. The words are "rare" and "collectible."

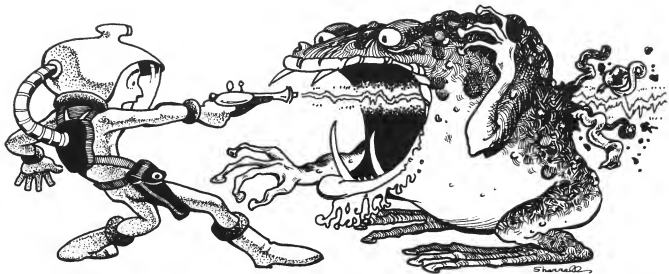
There are very few rare items in the world of fantasy collecting. There are very many collectible items.

Unfortunately, people often confuse the first with the second--primarily when they become involved with a third key word: "expensive." A rare item, by definition, is something that is hard to find. In the fantasy field, because of the extremely closed nature of the field, most items can be found if you look hard enough. Often, they are high priced because of the demand, but they are available. If so, then the item is not so "rare" as it is "collectible."

A collectible item is one that is sought after by fans for a variety of reasons: contents, artwork, favorite authors, and even rarity. An item might be collectible simply because it is rare; but this does not mean that all collectible items are rare. Let me give some examples.

The Outsider is one of the cornerstones of a weird fiction library. Published in 1939, it was the first Arkham House book, and it is the most important Lovecraft omnibus. It is very collectible. However, because it was published by what was little more than a fan venture, the book received very little distribution outside the fantasy field. In fact, very few advance copies of the book were even sold to fantasy fans (at the pre-publication price of \$31) and it took quite some time for the book to go out of print.

There is a great demand for copies of *The Outsider* today, with new fans constantly looking for copies of the book. It is collectible and it is quite expensive. But it is not very rare. More than a thousand copies of the book were printed and most of these wound up in the hands of fantasy collectors. Even when such fans lost interest or died, their copies often were resold within the fantasy field. While many copies are in private collections, *The Outsider* can be



found if one is willing to pay the price. Thus, it is collectible but not rare.

Another item that is very collectible but not very rare is *The Coming of Conan*. This Gnome Press hardcover is one of the more attractive books published by this small press publisher of the '50s. It features the early adventures of Conan along with two King Kull stories, letters and essays, and a fine Kelly Freas jacket. In the past few years, it has been going for prices of \$60 and more. With the tremendous surge of interest in Robert E. Howard, it has become a very collectible item. It is not the least bit rare. It was published in an edition of well over a thousand copies. In 1959, the book was remaindered and offered for \$1 (see issues of *Fantastic Universe* from late that year for the ad). Copies are quite easy to turn up—I've had as many as four on hand at one time. They sell quickly and at a good price, perhaps the best of any Gnome Press hardcover. But they are not rare. None of the Gnome Conan books are.

In 1935, Farnsworth Wright, editor of *Weird Tales*, decided that the time was right for a pulp magazine reprinting the works of William Shakespeare. He dubbed this unusual concept "Wright's Shakespeare Library" and enlisted a new artist to do the artwork for his first issue. The artist was Virgil Finlay. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was published in late 1935 in an attempt to tie in with the movie version of the play which was just beginning to show in the theaters. The film was a flop and so was the pulp.

Finlay had just begun to work for *Weird Tales* and his name was not enough to sell the pulp—and in the heart of the depression no one

seemed anxious to spend 25¢ on a play that could be found for free in any library. Even though it was published by *Weird Tales*, fantasy fans—having no great hoard of cash either—did not make any effort to obtain the pulp. It had a poor circulation to begin with and more than likely was pulped soon after publication.

Owing to all of the above factors, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is now a very scarce item. It did not get wide circulation in the field and very few copies are known to exist. It is of great interest now because it was a showcase for the early work of Virgil Finlay. With interest in *Weird Tales* at an all time high, it is sought after by many *Weird Tales* fans for the sake of completeness. I've seen only three copies of the publication offered for sale in my twenty years of serious collecting. It is a rare item and one that is becoming more and more collectible because of that rarity. It will never be as expensive as *The Outsider* because the great demand is not there, but it will always be much rarer.

Not all small press books are rare, as noted in my discussion of *The Coming of Conan*. Some are, some are not, depending upon print run, distribution, and possibly unusual circumstances. In the same vein, not all books published by major trade publishers are common. *Dune* is a very well known example of a book that is very rare (and expensive) in first edition. There just was not that much interest in the book when it was offered to hardcover publishers, and a small trade publisher (Chilton) finally did it in a small print run. As the book grew and grew in popularity, it became quite collectible. While certainly not as rare as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, collectors

suddenly found that it was rare enough to be hard to find without serious effort. Other books that fall into this same category are *The Riddle Master of Hed*, *To Your Scattered Bodies Go*, and *Nine Princes in Amber*. Each of these is the first volume of a series and as each series continued, collectors started to look for the earlier volumes and discovered that there just were not that many copies to be found. All of these books and several more have become modern rarities and are collectible, rare and expensive.

There are plenty of rare fanzines. Many of the earliest fan publications were done in editions of 25 or 50 copies and circulated only among small groups of friends. They are extremely rare, but not the least bit collectible for the most part. However, if that fanzine was the work of someone who rocketed to fame years later (as in the case of Ray Bradbury and his fanzine *Future Fantasia*), you suddenly have a rare and collectible item.

How can you take something that is not very rare nor very collectible and, in a minute or two, make it both collectible and rare? Easy: get it autographed. In this field, as in all book fields, autographed books go for high prices and are very collectible. The exact reason is hard to pin down—there is just something more personal, more exciting about a signed book. And, if the author writes something significant while doing the signing, then the book goes from "collectible" to "very collectible."

As I mentioned above, autograph mania is not confined to the fantasy field alone. Ellery Queen once ran a long column on collecting autographed editions, listing

many of the scarce signatures and inscriptions he had in his collection. Autographs can be broken down into four categories:

1) the signature: A book signed by the author with nothing else. These books turn up fairly frequently in the fantasy field as authors are readily accessible at conventions, and often, many book-

dealers and publishers offer autographed books to the general mail order customer.

2) the book signed with a general inscription: Many authors will sign their books with short inscriptions like "May the Force be With You" or "Happy Hauntings," making the autograph a bit more personal.

3) the book inscribed to someone else: Signed by the author, with a personal message, but to someone other than yourself. Depending upon the inscription, these can be true gems.

4) the book with an inscription directly to the collector: the cream of the cream in autographed books.

Of course, not all four categories are available in the field. Obviously, you can't obtain a personally inscribed book signed by H. P. Lovecraft or Robert E. Howard. In fact, since Howard died before any of his books came out in hardcover, an autographed edition is altogether impossible. However, with many authors (and noting the tenacity of fans), autographed copies in all four states can be found by the serious collector.

In my own collection is a copy of Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. Not a rare book, nor even fantasy, but it is from the library of H. P. Lovecraft and his name and address are written in pen inside the front cover. Not exactly an autographed copy, but something quite rare and collectible. My copy of the Gnome Press edition of *City* by Clifford Simak has an inscription that reads: "Dear Bob, I hope you enjoyed this one. It is at once my pride and my frustration. I'll probably never write one as good again, Clifford Simak." Can anything make a book more collectible or rare than an inscription like that?

There are many, many other collectible items and many, many more rare ones that I do not have the space to mention. For example, *Science Wonder Stories* ran an advertisement in 1929, offering for sale to subscribers a series of full color prints reproducing their Frank R. Paul cover illustrations in the same size as the original paintings. The ad used a photo of a model holding a print. In all of my years as a collector and dealer I have been unable to find a copy of any such prints, nor have I met anyone who knows if the prints were actually made (they were perhaps dropped for lack of response). I hope to find out someday. The one thing I've learned in collecting fantasy is that anything can turn up if you look hard and long enough.

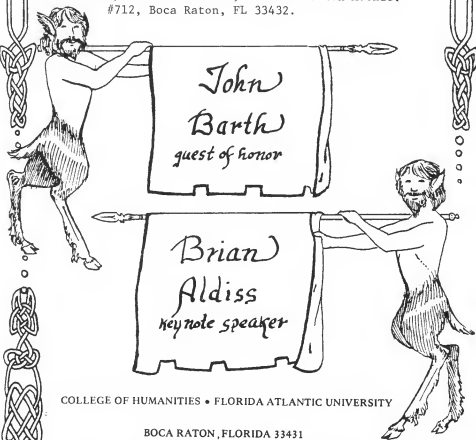
In my next column, I'll take a closer look at what was probably the most attractive of the small press publishers of the 1940s and '50s: Fantasy Press.

-- Robert Weinberg

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The British Scene

by Mike Ashley

Blowing-My-Own-Trumpet department: There seems to be something wrong in starting a news column with information about yourself, but if I don't do it no one else will, and if the information's wrong, then I need only shout at myself. It seemed a good idea to put it at the start rather like the credits at the start of a film—something to gaze at whilst getting ready for the meaty stuff.

Anyway, it's been four months since I last wrote a column for *Fantasy Newsletter*. In the intervening period I have been virtually glued to the typewriter preparing the master copy of my *Complete Index to Astounding/Analog*. I'm relieved to know that the typescript reached Robert Weinberg safely, and, as if he wasn't beset by enough problems in moving house, he will hopefully have the book in print before the end of the year. It covers just about everything you'd want to know in *ASF*. There's an issue by issue index which gives the usual contents details plus the illustrations to each story and the AnLab results. Stories are indexed by author and by title, and then there's a series index, an index to all artists—both cover and interior, and an index to all letter writers. The appendices cover most statistical aspects of the magazine, and although it doesn't take much to guess which artist has illustrated most issues of *ASF*, who do you think contributed the most fiction to the magazine? Or which story came out overall tops in the AnLab votes? All these facts, and more, as they say...

Several years ago I vowed I would not edit another anthology because the time spent on the type of anthology I liked to do was better spent in other areas. However, an opportunity arose recently which I couldn't refuse, and so I've assembled a reprint anthology of fantasy stories, *Jewels of Wonder*. It contains five long stories: "Thieves of Zangabal" by Lin Carter, "A Fortnight of Miracles" by Randall Garrett (a humorous heroic fantasy which I feel has been woefully overlooked), "The Seventeen Virgins" by Jack Vance, "Blood in the Mist" by E. C. Tubb, and "Vashti" by Thomas Burnett Swann. The book has been scheduled by William Kimber's to

appear this November, but a snag has set in. Kimber's won't set the press rolling until they've seen the release of rights for the stories and, at this time of writing, we've not yet heard from either Jack Vance's agent, or the estate of Thomas Burnett Swann. So, if anyone out there has any contacts in those two areas, any help will be appreciated.

Before I move on to other things, perhaps I can just give a plug to my research into Algernon Blackwood. I'm working on his biography and would be pleased to hear from anyone who ever had any contact with Blackwood, either directly or indirectly, or who may possess copies of his letters.

The Publishing Scene

The hardcover publisher William Kimber now appear to publish more supernatural fiction than any other in this country. For September is scheduled *It's About Time*, subtitled 'A Witch's Brew of Comedy, Tragedy and Ghosts' by Margaret Chilvers Cooper. It sounds like a modern Gothic, set in a 17th century inn at Cape Cod and concerns the tragic life of a young girl plus such ghosts as 'the jovial captain Obediah and the Indian Prince Flying Buzzard.'

October sees a new book by R. Chetwynd-Hayes, *The Fantastic World of Kamtellar*. Back in *FN* #20, I reported on his unsold novel, *Kamtellar*. Since then Chetwynd-Hayes has rewritten the novel as a 40,000 word novella, and he's rounded out the book with four more vampire and ghoul stories, "Looking for Something to Suck," "Birth," "The Giberling Ghoul of Gomerhal," and "Amelia."

Three other books of interest are scheduled for October. *Stories of Fear* is an anthology of ghost stories edited by Denys Val Baker and includes items by William Trevor, Roald Dahl, Antonia Fraser, A. L. Rouse, Winston Graham, Edna O'Brien, Daphne Du Maurier, Vladimir Nabokov, Fred Ughart, Angela Huth, L. P. Hartley, James Hanley, Susan Hill, William Sansom, and A. L. Barker. *Ghostly Carnival* is a new collection of Cornish ghost stories by Mary Williams, whilst *Red Letter Day* by Rosalind Wade is

a collection of 'Twelve Stories of Cornwall' that includes three supernatural stories, "Shepherd, Show Me," "The Little Ghost," and "Exorcism Extraordinary."

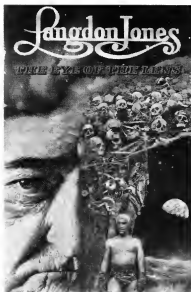
New paperbacks lined up from Methuen Books' Magnum imprint include in August, *Catfaced* by Clifford D. Simak (published in the U.S. as *Mastodonia*), *Earth Magic* by Alexander Panahin; and in September, *The Fires of Lan-Kern*, the first book in Peter Tremayne's new trilogy.

Tim Shackleton has now left Fontana Paperbacks and the new SF editor there will be Carolyn Caughey. Before he left, Tim passed on the following items of interest:

"We're publishing the first part of Janet E. Morris's Kerrion Consortium trilogy in September. This is called *Dream Dancer*; volume two to be delivered at the end of April is *Cruiser Dreams*; volume three is *Earth Dreams*. The author calls it a 'marriage of man and machine intelligence through our mastery of the intelligence codes' and I'd say it was about power struggles in a vast, intergalactic family cartel; science fantasy really, with heroes and villains, telepathy and an enormous sentient spaceship which will feature in our cover, wrapping round all three jackets like the Land did on the Thomas Covenant books. I'd go so far as to say it's the biggest spaceship ever used on a book jacket.

"The other major event is the publication of the fourth Stephen Donaldson book, *The Wounded Land*. I can't give you details about the subsequent volumes, but the new one will be published in October." The Fontana *Wounded Land* will be the first world paperback edition.

Fontana also publish the regular anthology series of Great Horror and Great Ghost Stories. The 18th Fontana Book of Great Horror Stories edited by Mary Danby is now available and includes twelve stories, five of which are reprints: "Vendetta" by Guy de Maupassant, "An American Organ" by Anthony Burgess, "One of the Dead" by William Wood, "The Werewolf" by Frederik M. Marmyat and "Herbert West, Reanimator" by H. P. Lovecraft. The seven new stories are "Cold Spell" by David Langford, "The Circus" by Sydney J. Bounds, "Undesirable Guests" by William Charlton, "The Warrior's



Artist: Michael Heslop



Return" by Ken Alden, "Anaesthetic" by Barbara Joan Ayre, "Safe as Houses" by Nyki Blatchley and "Woodman's Knot" by Mary Danby.

The 16th Fontana Book of Great Ghost Stories edited by R. Chetwynd-Hayes will not appear until December 1st. The contents, however, for future reference, are "Canon Alberic's Scrap-Book" by M. R. James, "The Mariners" by Terry Tapp, "Beyond the Red Door" by Kenneth Hill, "The Story of Medhans Lea" by E. & H. Heron, "Just for the Record" by Patricia Moynehan, "The Cook's Room" by Pansy Pakenham, "Norton Camp" by William Charlton, "The Prescription" by Marjorie Bowen, "The Rock Garden" by Heather Vineham, "Brickett Bottom" by Amyas Northcote, "The Swan" by Pamela Hanford Johnson, "The Children and the Apple Tree" by Meg Buxton, "The Water Ghost of Harrowby Hall" by John Kendrick Bange, "Destination Glen Doll" by A. Scupham, and "She Walks on Dry Land" by R. Chetwynd-Hayes.

The Manchester publishers Savoy Books are stepping up their output with books now ranging from children's books to out and out erotic fantasy with, somewhere in between, plans to bring out all of Jack Trevor Story's work in paperback. Of fantasy interest in the works are a new Michael Moorcock collection, *My Experiences in the Third World War*, a new edition of Langdon Jones's collection *The Eye of the Lens*, and Charles Platt's erotic novel, *The Gas*, originally published by Essex House in the U.S. in 1970. It concerns an accident at a germ warfare laboratory that releases a deadly aphrodisiac all over southern England. Also from Charles Platt is *Who Writes Science Fiction?*, interviews with 30 of the

top writers in the SF field. The Moorcock book is billed as "an original collection of fictional reminiscences, each segment revolving around the interlinking theme of the Third World War."

Also scheduled from Savoy Books is John Clute's in-depth study of Moorcock, *The Cruel World and Its Pierrot* which includes the most comprehensive bibliography of Moorcock yet published, plus an analysis of all of Moorcock's major works including the forthcoming *Byzantium Endures*.

Talking about Moorcock, this belated news item may interest his collectors. The newly formed Virgin Books released a new Moorcock novel, *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* on May 15th. It was in tabloid form and was timed to appear with the release of the Sex Pistols' notorious film. Needless to say it bears little relationship, but instead fits within the framework of the Jerry Cornelius series. The background to the novel shows what can be done by a publisher when they want to. The idea was conceived by Virgin's editor Maxim Jakubowski during Easter. It was written by Moorcock between April 24th and May 2nd, typeset simultaneously, designed by Pearce Marchbank between May 1st and 5th, and printed on May 9th.

A few years ago Octopus Books published *The Octopus Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* edited by Robert Holdstock. Now Octopus are preparing an *Encyclopedia of Horror*. Consultant editor is Richard Davis and contributors include Basil Copper, Richard Cavendish, Michael Parry, Alan Frank and yours truly. My own piece is on "Ghosts and the Supernatural," and the encyclopedia will be divided into long essays

looking at each of the main themes of horror fiction (Basil Copper, for instance, is writing on vampires, Richard Cavendish on the Black Arts). The emphasis, however, will be on the artwork.

On a sad note, the end of the Edinburgh-based magazine *Blackwood's* is in sight. Unless something miraculous happens overnight, the last issue will appear in September. Some of you may be surprised that *Blackwood's* is still published, because for many years now it has taken a back seat in the publishing world. Its publishers have tried to retain much of what made *Blackwood's* popular in the last century, with the result that the magazine is now woefully behind the times. It has published little of fantasy interest in recent years, though thanks to the keen eyes of Mary Long, it appears that Sheila Hodgson (who adapted some of Algernon Blackwood's John Silence stories for BBC Radio a few years ago), had two stories in the magazine (March and July 1978 issues) based on M. R. James's stories he had tried to write. (The stories were "The Turning Point" and "The Villa Martine.") *Blackwood's Magazine* first appeared in 1817 and during the last century published some of the very best supernatural fiction, including "The Phantom Regiment" by James Grant (1847), "The Haunted and the Haunters" by Lord Bulwer-Lytton (1859), the weird stories of Mrs. Oliphant, and "The Shadow on the Moor" by the Duke of Northumberland (1930). *Blackwood's* was one of the few magazines that featured new, quality fiction, and its passing (just short of 2,000 issues) will be much lamented.

A letter from Robert Aickman tells me that his short novel, *The Model* is still, inexplicably, unsold. An amusing sidelight about Aickman, however, concerns his recent review of *Lord of the Hollow Dark* by Russell Kirk published in the Winter 1980 issue of the quarterly review *The University Bookman*. In a deep and complex review Aickman gives the honest impression that he did not much care for the book, which does underline his honesty, because the editor of *The University Bookman* is Russell Kirk!

R. Chetwynd-Hayes recently completed his novelisation of the film *The Awakening*, loosely based on Bram Stoker's *The Jewel of the Seven Stars*. The film stars Charlton Heston as Matthew Corbeck, an Egyptologist who discovers a tomb of an unknown queen. As he breaks into the tomb, his wife, many miles away, gives birth to a daughter—at first still-born, but who comes to life as Corbeck enters the tomb. The book will be published by Magnum.

Chetwynd-Hayes's own book *The Monster Club* has recently been filmed by Milton Subotsky's *Sword & Sorcery Productions*. It stars Vincent Price and Donald Pleasance plus John Carradine who plays the part of Chetwynd-Hayes himself!

Peter Haining is no less active than ever. His latest book is *The Sherlock Holmes Compendium*, a large format collection of items featuring you-know-who, to be published by W. H. Allen in September. His next will be *The Edgar Allan Poe Bedside Companion*, which contains several uncollected poems by Poe, three stories that influenced him, and two items based on ideas he left. This has been scheduled by Gollancz for next February.

He has also written a lengthy introduction to a new edition of Frederick Hazleton's original 1862 novel, *Sweeney Todd*. The book is scheduled from W. H. Allen in September.

From Neville Spearman will be *Buried Passions: The Murder of Maria Marten*, a book primarily of local interest as it concerns a murder that took place in Victorian times at the Red Barn, Polstead in Suffolk near where Haining now lives. Haining describes the murder as an old blood and thunder melodrama, and the book will feature lots of pictures.

Finally, he has also edited his annual children's anthology, *The Hell Hound and Other True Mysteries*, for Armada Books, and is now working on the 4th Book of Un-

known Tales of Horror, about which he is currently keeping quiet.

News from Ramsey Campbell is that his new novel, *The Nameless*, has been sold and it will appear in hardback from Millington in Britain and Macmillan in New York, with Fontana doing the UK paperback. Macmillan will also be publishing his new collection *Dark Companions*. My own Fantasy Reader's Guide to Ramsey Campbell (see FN #28) is now published and Robert Reginald will be publishing a very limited hardcover edition in the U.S.

Peter Valentine Timlett will be known to you for his Atlantis trilogy, *The Seedbearers*, *The Power of the Serpent* and *Twilight of the Serpent*. Since then, apart from a short story ("Without Rhyme or Reason") in Ramsey's anthology *New Terrors 1*, he's had nothing published, and you may be wondering what he's been doing.

Well, he's been writing most voluminously but without any publishing success. After the Atlantis team books, he produced a mammoth trilogy, *The Myrddin Chronicles*—yes, an Arthurian trilogy. Now I thought anything with the name Arthur on it would sell, but no. The 600-page manuscript did the rounds and got nowhere. So Peter totally rewrote it, cutting it by a third to produce *Merlin and the Sword of Avalon*, completed in May, and it's now back on the road. The story begins before the birth of Merlin so as to bring in the legend of his being the son of the devil (the baby was covered in hair, hence his name Myrddin, the Hairy One). It follows Merlin's childhood, the legend of the raising of Vortigern's tower, Uther Pendragon, and of course Arthur and his knights.

In between writing the original trilogy and the revised novel, Timlett wrote another mighty tome, *Nor All Thy Tears* (a preliminary title), retelling the story of Father Urbain Grandier, the parish priest of Loudun, France, falsely accused of being the sorcerer who caused the demonic possession of a convent of nuns. Readers may recall Aldous Huxley's own *The Devils of Loudun*, a nonfiction book. Timlett has gone beyond that in his novel, and has included the product of his own original research. This novel also failed to find a home and has since been revised and is doing the rounds.

Both sound like exciting projects and again I'm filled with annoyance at publishers who turn down books such as these and rob us readers of our pleasure in favor of publishing 90% rubbish for the masses. One of these days...

Or, Where-Are-They-Now? department: This is a new feature I hope to do now and again looking at what became of writers who produced some excellent books in the past but who have since slipped into oblivion. Who were they and why are they writing no more?

Remember Sarban? That pseudonym appeared on three books in the early 1950s, the best known being *The Sound of His Horn* (1952) set in an alternate Europe where the Germans won World War II. The other two books were collections of weird stories bearing the titles of the short novels in each book, *Ringstones*, and *Other Curious Tales* (1951) and *The Doll Maker*, and *Other Tales of the Uncanny* (1953). Since then, nothing. The books have seen occasional, though rare reprintings and, although it's never been any secret that the man behind the Sarban name was John W. Wall, it did not help without knowing who he was. Well, if you've ever wondered, now I hope I can satisfy your curiosity.

John William Wall, CMG, was born in Yorkshire on Sunday, November 6, 1910. After studying at Jesus College, Cambridge, he entered the Diplomatic Service and for over thirty years he served King, Queen and Country throughout the globe. To pick just a few from his many appointments, he was a Vice Consul in Cairo in 1936, Acting Consul at Casablanca in 1947, Consul-General at Salonika from 1955-57, HM Ambassador and Consul-General to Paraguay from 1957-59, and Consul-General at Alexandria from 1963 till his retirement in 1966.

I recall that John Buchan was Governor General of Canada in the 1930s, but I can't think of any other government official of that status in recent years who has also contributed to the genre. Just how did a British diplomat become a fantasy writer?

"I certainly had a liking in my youth for stories of fantasy and the supernatural," recalled Mr. Wall in a recent letter. "H. G. Wells and Walter de la Mare, for example, and no doubt that liking prompted me to choose that vein when I attempted something of my own. All the writing I ever did for publication was between 1947 and 1951. The stories in *Ringstones* were written in 1947-48."

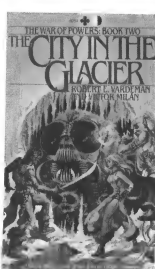
At that time Mr. Wall was serving in the British Middle East Office in Cairo, becoming Oriental Counsellor in Cairo in 1951. "Writ-

(Continued on Page 30, Col. 1.)

Paperbacks



Cover artists: "Day by Night" by Don Maitz; "The Fluger" by H. R. Van Dongen; "Year's Best Fantasy Stories" by Kirby; "City in the Glacier" by Fernandes.



DAW BOOKS

Day by Night is Tanith Lee's newest science fiction novel, due out from DAW in November, at \$2.25. The novel is about a world that never rotates—one side eternal day and the other always night. Each side supports a civilization ignorant of the other in which good and evil are reversed. The cover illustration by Don Maitz bears a nice portrait of the author.

The Fluger by Doris Piserchia (\$1.95) is an SF novel about a utopian city invaded by an incredible, berserk alien monster who arrives as unlisted cargo. The city's leaders hire an alien assassin to do in the monster, but their

plan goes somewhat astray...

Lin Carter's sixth volume of *The Year's Best Fantasy Stories* (\$1.95) includes contributions by Tanith Lee, Roger Zelazny, John Brunner, Orson Scott Card, Fritz Leiber, Brian Lumley and Jayce Carr. Rounding out DAW's November lineup is volume 23 in E. C. Tubb's 'Dumarest of Terra' series, *World of Promise*, at \$1.75. The reissue this month is *Pureult of the Screamer* by Ansie Dibell, at \$2.25.

SIGNET

A Signet original for November is *Pressure Man* by Zach Hughes, an SF novel about an Earth expedition to Jupiter to rescue and establish contact with an alien spaceship trapped by the pressure of the Jovian atmosphere. Scheduled for reprinting is *Tales of Ten Worlds*, a collection of 15 stories by Arthur C. Clarke. Both are \$1.95.

DEL REY/BALLANTINE

An SF/fantasy original coming from Del Rey in November is *World Enough, and Time* by James Kahn, described as another "Brave New World" of the future with centaurs, griffins, vampires, and sundry other mythical beasts and intelligent animals. Price is \$2.25.

Also scheduled is the first paperback edition of *The Visitors* by Clifford D. Simak, an SF novel about an alien invasion, serialized in *Analog* last year and published in hardcover by Del Rey last January. Price is \$2.50.

Reprints include *The Stormen*

of Llyrdis by Leigh Brackett (aka *The Stormen* and *The Galactia Breed*) at \$1.95, and three more volumes in Del Rey's reprint series of the Oz books: *Tik-Tok of Oz*, *The Scarecrow of Oz*, and *Rinkitink in Oz*, all by L. Frank Baum and priced at \$2.25.

PLAYBOY PRESS

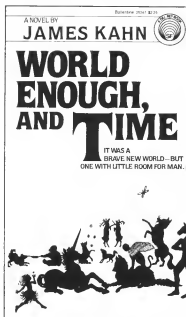
Coming from Playboy Press in November is Book Two in "The War of the Powers" trilogy by Robert E. Vardeman and Victor Milan, *The City in the Glacier*. Volume three, *The Destiny Stone*, is scheduled for December and I should have a review of the entire trilogy here next issue. Price is \$2.25.

Also slated for November is an occult novel, *The Wanting Factor* by Gene DeWeese. This one is billed as a real shocker about a woman with psychic abilities and a living dead man with a few hours missing from his life. Price is \$2.50.

BANTAM BOOKS

Bantam Books will have two original SF novels out in November: *Homeworld* by Harry Harrison and *The Paradise Plot* by Ed Naha. The Harrison title is the first in a new trilogy—"To the Stars"—that describes humanity's struggles against a tyrannical interstellar empire. Price is \$1.95. The remaining two volumes will be *Wheelworld* and *Starworld*, slated for 1981 publication.

The Paradise Plot is Ed Naha's first novel—he has written for *Future Life* and a number of other



The Pocket Books F & SF Page

Classics and Contemporaries from Pocket this month: we offer you vintage van Vogt, a reissue of Offutt & Lyon's first Tiana Highrider adventure, Cowper at his masterful best, Joel Zoss' fantasy debut, and most fantastic of all, a rare "lost" classic by Fritz Leiber--treats for all tastes.---D.G.H.

The Demon in the Mirror

by Andrew Offutt and Richard Lyon

The Demon in the Mirror introduces a new swashbuckler into the fast-paced world of heroic fantasy: Tiana of Reme, daughter of a murdered Duke, fosterchild of a pirate, on a quest for her lost half-brother. When the merchantman carrying her is captured, her quest takes on new and frightening dimensions.

"It is good to know that this is only the first of what I hope will be many adventures to come."--Andre Norton

"The Demon in the Mirror offers a new dimension in heroic fantasy."--Jerry Pournelle 83509-2/\$1.95

Chronicle

by Joel Zoss Illustrated by Heidi King

Elmandif was born of a barren mother and hailed with great rejoicing. He conversed with animals, mesmerized women, and generally disrupted the times and seasons of his village. He began to travel in strange places, among wonders, on a fantastic quest with a surprising conclusion.

"Originality and verve...I can thoroughly recommend Zoss's work to any reader."--Michael Moorcock

A Pocket Books Original 41458-5/\$1.95



The Sinful Ones

by Fritz Leiber

Stuck in a rut, with no place to go, employment counselor Carr MacKay felt pretty despairing about his life. But when he broke his routine to follow a confused and frightened girl, his life changed forever. Both he and the girl were invisible--and not alone. The others sharing the secret are on a rampage of anarchy, and only Carr and the girl can stop them--before they stop him.

Fritz Leiber's work has won six Hugo awards. "The Sinful Ones is vintage Leiber...vigorous, sparkling, and evocative."--George Zebrowski "It is that rare thing, a genuine neglected classic...I don't believe I will ever forget the scrubwoman turning, turning, turning the knob of Carr's locked door."--Gene Wolfe

"Here's fantasy at its finest--And Fritz Leiber at his brilliant best."--Robert Bloch, author of Psycho. 83575-0/\$1.95



POCKET BOOKS

David G. Hartwell, Director of Science Fiction

The House That Stood Still

by A.E. van Vogt

"One of the all-time greats of imaginative fiction" (Fantasy & Science Fiction) puts the past together with the present and the future in this novel of a house frozen in time. Allison Stephens, a young lawyer, manages the affairs of the magnificent Tannahill estate. He runs up against Mayans, alien invaders, midnight rites, murder, and generations of empty Tannahill graves. 83158-5/\$2.25

Out There Where the Big Ships Go

by Richard Cowper

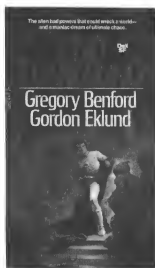
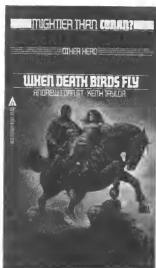
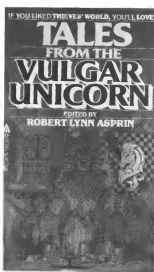
"One of the most subtle and stylish writers of sf" presents five exceptional stories. The author of *The Road to Corlay* gathers the substance of story from the farthest reaches of fantasy--from Persian valleys to the edge of the universe, from Earth's ancient days to the innermost mind.

"Richard Cowper is at his mystical best in these evocative, literate tales."--Janet Morris. "A delight to read."--(London) Sunday Times*

A Pocket Books Original Collection 83501-7/\$2.50



Cover artists: "Tales from the Vulgar Unicorn" by Walter Velez; "When Death Birds Fly" and "Find the Changeling" by Ken Kelly.



magazines. Originally announced as *Island One*, the novel concerns the exploits of an ace newspaper reporter on Earth's first successful space colony. Price is \$2.25.

ACE BOOKS

On tap from Ace Books in November are four paperback originals. *White Light* by Rudy Rucker (\$2.25) is a first novel by a new author about "the lighter side of life after death." Ace describes the SF novel as containing a touch of Woody Allen.

Journey to Aprilioth is another first novel by Eileen Kernaghan, this one a fantasy set in the White City at the end of the world. The hero of the novel sets out on a quest that eventually involves a sorceress, a beast that blocks his path, and other perils and magical omens. Price is \$2.50.

Tales from the Vulgar Unicorn is the second volume in Robert Lynn Asprin's original anthology series that began last October ('79, that is) with *Thieves' World*. Contributors to this volume include Philip Jose Farmer, A. E. Van Vogt, Lynn Abbey, Janet Morris, David Drake, Andrew J. Offutt, and editor Asprin. Price is \$2.25.

The fourth original is the long-awaited fifth volume in Andrew J. Offutt's Cormac Mac Art series, *When Death Birds Fly*, written in collaboration with Keith Taylor. Along with this new volume, Ace will reprint (with new covers) volumes three and four in the series, *The Sign of the Moonbow* and *The Mists of Doom*, both previously published by Zebra Books. All are

priced at \$2.25.

Additional reprints for November include *Dominant Species* by George Warren and *City of Illusions* by Ursula K. Le Guin, both priced at \$2.25.

Another new title due out under the Tempo imprint is *War of the Citadels*, volume two in the new series of Flash Gordon novels by David Hagberg. Price is \$2.25.

Some miscellaneous Ace news: *After the Fall*, an anthology edited by Robert Sheekley and announced for September release, has been rescheduled for January '81 release. Personnel changes: Terri Windling is now Associate Editor of SF at Ace and Susan Allison (who left Ace to join Pocket Books a while back) has returned to Ace as Senior SF editor, following Jim Baen's promotion to vice-president.

A market note: Terri Windling informs me she is still accepting submissions for her anthology of high fantasy (*Bastille*) and will be until December 1st.

Some Christmas promotions to watch for—Ace will be offering seven box sets of fantasy and SF paperbacks. They are: *Fred Saberhagen* (four Berserker titles), *Gordon R. Dickson* (three Dorsai volumes), *Paul Anderson* (four Flandry books), *Space Adventure* (*Armageddon* 2419, *The Long Way Home*, *Road to the Rim*, and *The Man Who Counts*), *Fritz Leiber* (four Fafhrd and the Mouser titles), *Andre Norton* (four SF reprints), and *Conan* (four reprint titles).

DELL BOOKS

New from Dell in November is

Find the Changeling by Gregory Benford and Gordon Eklund. This is an SF adventure/suspense novel about two Terran agents in pursuit of an alien changeling that can assume the form of any sentient creature in the universe.

A reissue for November is *Deathbird Stories*, a collection of 19 stories by Harlan Ellison. Both are priced at \$2.25.

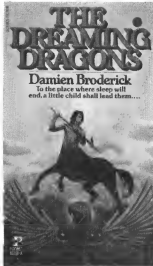
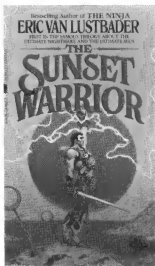
ZEBRA BOOKS

The Twentieth Son of Ormon by Mike Sivota is a new fantasy novel coming from Zebra in November. It concerns the adventures of Dulok, 20th son of Ormon, who must avenge his mother's death and fight his 19 brothers to rule the kingdom of Shadzea. Price is \$1.95.

FAWCETT BOOKS

A new anthology due out under the Fawcett Crest imprint in November is *The Seven Deadly Sins of SF* edited by Isaac Asimov, Charles G. Waugh, and Martin H. Greenberg. As the title implies, it contains nine reprinted stories, each exemplifying one of the seven deadly sins. Assuming you already know the sins, the stories are: "Sail 25" by Jack Vance, "Peeping Tom" by Judith Merril, "The Invisible Man Murder Case" by Henry Slesar, "Galley Slave" by Isaac Asimov, "Divine Madness" by Roger Zelazny, "The Midas Plague" by Frederik Pohl, "The Man Who Ate the World" by Pohl, "Margin of Profit" by Paul Anderson, "The Hook, the Eye and the Whip" by Michael G. Coney. Price is \$2.50.

Cover artists: "The Sunset Warrior" by Don Matitz;
"The Dreaming Dragons" by Carl Lundgren.



BERKLEY BOOKS

An original fantasy novel due in November is *Frost Flower and Thorn* by Phyllis Ann Karr, at \$2.25. Set in a world where men are farmer priests and women are warriors, a young warrior (Thorn) becomes pregnant and to avoid all the nuisance, gets a sorceress (Frost Flower) to magically alter time and deliver the baby in one afternoon. For this, they become outcasts in their world. This was originally a Jove title prior to Berkley's acquisition of Jove, which delayed the book's publication.

Another original is *Dream Makers* by Charles Platt (\$2.75), a hefty 304-page collection of profiles of 29 SF and fantasy writers. I won't take the space to list all of them here, but I've had a chance to read the page proofs of Platt's profiles and they are excellent--in a mere ten pages per author (average), Platt manages to capture the 'essence' of each, providing a very human glimpse at their lives and work. These are not biographies; they are profile/interviews that make entertaining and informative reading.

Berkley is still picking up loose ends from its Jove acquisition a year ago (such as *Frost Flower and Thorn*). Coming in November is the second paperback edition of *The Sunset Warrior* by Eric Van Lustbader, first published by Doubleday and paperbacked by Jove two years ago. Berkley is reprinting this first volume in the trilogy and will follow with the first paperback editions of *Shallows of Night*

(December) and *Dai-San* (March), all sporting new wraparound cover illustrations by Don Matitz and priced at \$2.50.

AVON BOOKS

Unfortunately, Avon's advance information sheets for November didn't arrive, even though December's are in hand. The only title I have any information on is *Gilded Needles*, a supernatural novel about a woman's revenge, set in New York in the 1880s. The author is Michael McDowell, author of *Cold Moon Over Babylon*. Price is \$2.50.

PINNACLE BOOKS

Slated for November from Pinnacle is *The Calling* by Kenneth Givard (\$2.50), an occult novel about a mysterious cult known as "The Illuminati" who utilize a born-again evangelist for their evil calling. The author has written a number of scripts for the Sears Radio Theater.

POCKET BOOKS

Pocket Books will have three paperback originals in November, including a new novel by Poul Anderson entitled *The Devil's Game*. The \$2.25 book is a contemporary fantasy/suspense novel about a multimillionaire who invites a group of wealthy people to his island hideaway to play some dangerous games with very high stakes. As it turns out, he is a demon-like alien who has set up the game to study human behavior.

Another original is Damien Broderick's second novel, *The Dreaming Dragons* (his first was *Sorcerer's World* in 1970). In this one, an anthropologist researching an aborigine 'Rainbow Serpent' cult stumbles across a UN military installation guarding a mysterious "Egg." He eventually finds that the egg is a time travel device that led to the downfall of the dinosaur and the evolution of man. Price is \$2.25.

Edges is an original anthology edited by Ursula K. Le Guin and Virginia Kidd that will contain 13 new stories by Gene Wolfe, Carol Emeshwiller, Avram Davidson, Damien Broderick, Thomas M. Disch, M. J. Engh and Naomi Mitchison, among others. \$2.25.

Reprints for November include *Mission to the Stars* by A. E. Van Vogt and *By Furies Possessed* by Ted White, both priced at \$1.95.

Two mainstream releases of interest are *Midnight* by John Russo (\$2.25) and *Resurrection* by George Gipe (\$2.50). *Midnight* is a horror novel about witches and ritual killings by the co-creator of *Night of the Living Dead*. The latter is a supernatural/occult story about a woman who gains miraculous healing powers. Both are movie tie-ins.

October releases I was unable to cover last month lead off with *The Sinful Ones* by Fritz Leiber, a long-lost short novel that was published as one half of a double book in 1953; it has also appeared in *Fantastico* a couple of times as "You're All Alone." The story is a contemporary fantasy about a man

(Continued on Page 30, Col. 3.)

The Fan Press

Box 9480, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada
K1G 3V2.

RBCC



Artist: Toss Chandler

PANDORA

Out from one of my neighboring fans in Denver, Lois Wickstrom, is her fifth issue of *Pandora*, a 64-page digest size fiction magazine that has rapidly become one of the best semi-pro fiction magazines around. Contents this issue are: "The Hawk That Hunted Lions" by *Janvae Frank* (who recently became Mrs. Hank Stine), "Violations" by *Al Sirote*, "The Mailbox is Humming" by *Susan Anne Santo*, "Star Spats" by *Jayge Carr*, "Eat Your Pinto" by *Larry Teufner*, "Learning to Live With the Local Fauna" by *Janet Bellwether*, and "A Roux of Fat and Sugar" by *Eileen Roy*. The issue features a delightful full color cover illustration by *Toss Chandler* quite reminiscent of *Hannes Bok*. Additional artists include *Arlin Teeselink*, *Al Sirote*, *Rick Jensen*, *Mike McClure*, *Bob Lee*, *Phil Normand*, *Gary Raham*, and *Chamberlain*. \$2.50 per copy or 4 issues for \$6 from *Lois Wickstrom*, 1150 St. Paul St., Denver, CO 80206.

THE ROMANTIST

A recent publication of the F. Marion Crawford Society is *The Romantist* #3, an annual publication devoted to F. Marion Crawford and romantic literature. Featured in this third issue are an appreciation of *Russell Kirk* by *Don Herron*, "A Depression Christmas" by *H. Warner Mum*, "A Brief Review of the Shakespeare Authorship Controversies" by *William McIlhenny*, an article on *O. Henry* by *Jeane F. Knight*, an article on *George Sterling* by

Dale L. Walker, "F. Marion Crawford: A Neglected But Not A Forgotten Master" by *Donald Sidney-Fryer*, "Chambers and The King in Yellow" by *Lee Weinstein*, and additional articles on the verse of *Guy de Maupassant*, *Henry James*, *Arthur Machen* and *John Ireland*, and *Laf-cadio Hearn*. Additional contents include a number of book reviews and poetry, with artwork by *Bill Harwig*, *Don Herron* and *Stephan Peregrine*.

The 106-page, perfect-bound volume is limited to 300 numbered copies and is priced at \$5.50. *John C. Moran*, *Saracinesca House*, 3610 Meadowbrook Ave., Nashville, TN 37205.

DRAGONFIELDS

Hang onto your hat--I almost never use superlatives in this magazine, but I'm about to... *Dragonfields* #1 has at long last appeared from the editing team of *Charles de Lint* and *Charles R. Saunders*--a melding of two earlier magazines, *Dragonbane* and *Beyond the Fields We Know* (each of which saw only one issue).

This thing is simply stunning! A 124-page (7" by 9 1/2") perfect-bound book, beautifully designed with an extremely attractive layout and a ridiculously low price of \$5 per copy. But a listing of the contents is better proof of the magazine's quality.

New stories are: "The City of Silence" by *David Madison*, "Cyron in Wax" by *Tamith Lee*, "Keeper of the Wood" by *Caradoc A. Cadon*, "Reflections of Terrance Whitley" by *Adrian Chadwick*, "Devil On My Stomach" by *Richard K. Lyon* and *Andrew J. Offutt*, "The Game of Burke and Hare" by *Albert J. Manachino*, "The Way of Lizards" by *Galad Elfdanarson*, and "The Wind-spell" by *Diana L. Paxson*. Article writers include *Michael Moorcock*, (an excerpt from his forthcoming critical book on heroic fantasy), *Karl Edward Wagner*, *Thomas M. Egan*, *Loay Hall* and *Don Herron*. Add to that poetry by a number of people and artwork by *Donna Gordon*, *C. Lee Healy*, *Charles Vess*, *Sandra Garland*, *Liz Danforth*, *Wallace Wood*, *Tamith Lee*, *Barry Blair*, and *John Chazette*, among numerous others.

Are you convinced? Get it--you won't regret it. It's one of the nicest damned things I've seen in years! *Charles de Lint*, P. O.

The Long-awaited and long overdue special Harlan Ellison issue of *RBCC* #151 has finally appeared... and was well worth the wait. The mammoth 132-page issue is 100% devoted to Harlan Ellison and features the following contents: an interview with Ellison by editor *James Van Hise*, a second interview from a 1976 radio show, a third interview on the subject of television (reprinted from *The Videophile*), two 1973 installments of "The Harlan Ellison Hornbook" by Ellison, a reminiscence by *William Rotsler* along with a reply by Ellison, a lengthy photo tour of Ellison's home (Ellison Wonderland) and collection, a new article by Ellison ("Aaargh!! Help! The Giant Ant Ate My Maidenform Bra!"), and a new story by Ellison, "Basilisk," along with a lot of artwork and a comic strip adaptation of "Soldier From Tomorrow." Well worth the \$3.95 cover price! *RBCC*, *James Van Hise*, 10885 Angola Road, San Diego, CA 92126. Also available is a special 200-copy edition signed by Ellison with an additional piece of artwork, priced at \$12.

FANTASTIC EXPLOITS

Also out from *RBCC* publisher *James Van Hise* is the first new issue (Vol. 2, No. 1) of *Fantastic Exploits* since the early '70s. The 68-page issue sports a pair of full color covers illustrated by *Kerry Cammell* and *Ron Wilbur* and is devoted almost exclusively to an epic length fantasy comic strip very nicely illustrated by *Ron Wilbur*. Additional artwork is provided by *Stephen Fabian*, *Jim Kusee*, *Monica Miller*, *Martin Connors* and *Bret Blevins*. Price is \$3 and copies may be ordered from *Van Hise* at the address above.

POLARIS ONE

Starfire Press recently published its second issue of *Polaris One*, now in a 64-page digest format. Among the contents this issue are an interview with *C. J. Cherryh*, an article on *Heavy Metal* by *Jason Keeln*, an article on *The Empire Strikes Back*, and four stories. The stories are: "The One Who Spoke With the Owls" by *Darrell Schmetzer*, "The Obsession of Edgar Fox" by *Charles F. Shelton*, "The Con-Survival Drive" by *Alex Cannon*, and "The Loneliest Number" by *Miriam A. Pace*. Single copies are \$2 and subscriptions to the quarterly are

5 issues for \$10. Starfire Press, P. O. Box 109, Lindenwood, NJ 08021.

WAX DRAGON

Wax Dragon #3, out from Irvin L. Wagner, is a 16-page digest size issue that features an article by *Charles R. Saunders*, "Is It True What They Say About Leopard-Men?" and two stories, "Ding-Dong Bell" by B. F. Watkinson and "Feast of the Gods" by Al D. Cookrell. Art is by Randy Holmberg and Steve Swenson. *Wax Dragon* is available by subscription only at 4 issues for \$3.25. Irvin L. Wagner, 123 S. Ruggles St., Bronson, MI 49028.

PULP

It's been a while since Robert Weinberg has published an issue of *Pulp*, but issue #12 has finally appeared. Included in the issue is a reprint of an Avenger story, "Cargo of Doom," by Kenneth Roberson, an article on the pulp westerns by Nick Carr, and two letters of comment about the pulps by Harold F. Crickshaw and Walter Tompkins. *Pulp* is published very irregularly in a 32-page digest size format, priced at \$2 per copy. Robert Weinberg, 15145 Oxford Dr., Oak Forest, IL 60452.

BURROUGHS BIBLIOGRAPHY

Kevin C. Julius recently published a handy *Pocket Bibliography of Edgar Rice Burroughs*. The 40-page, digest size bibliography covers all of the U.S. first editions and hardcover reprints of Edgar Rice Burroughs' books, with background information about the publishers and fairly detailed information on printing variants. According to the publisher, the booklet is designed for collectors who can't locate or afford a copy of the now rare Heins bibliography. \$5 per copy in an edition of 150 copies. Kevin C. Julius, 528 Fair Ave., Erie, PA 16511.

LIBRARY REVIEW

An extremely attractive Edgar Rice Burroughs "collectible" showed up in my mailbox a few weeks ago in the form of a special issue of *Library Review*, published by the University of Louisville (issue #30 for May, 1980). The issue was specially assembled by editor George T. McWhorter as a tribute to his mother, who "taught her son to read at the age of five with one chapter of Burroughs per night."

Comprising the bulk of the issue is an article by editor Mc-

Whorter entitled "Edgar Rice Burroughs: King of Dreams," followed by a description of the Burroughs Collection in the University of Louisville library (containing nearly 6,000 volumes donated by McWhorter). The 40-page digest size issue is neatly and attractively printed and is profusely illustrated with photos and book cover reproductions, in addition to other Burroughs artwork. Nine of the illustrations appear in full color.

The work is an obvious labor of love and one of the nicest "little" Burroughs items I've run across in nearly twenty years of collecting. Certainly a unique and beautiful item for anyone who grew up on a diet of Burroughs. Single copies are available at \$5 and are well worth the price.

George T. McWhorter, University of Louisville, Louisville, KY 40292.

EERIE COUNTRY

Out from W. Paul Ganley at Weirdbook Press is his third issue of *Eerie Country*, a companion magazine created to handle the overflow of fiction from his established *Weirdbook*. The stories in this issue are: "The Cross and the Grave" by W. Fraser Sandercombe, "Edward" by Phillip C. Heath, "The Cross Town Void Maker" by Robert Ritter, "The Winged Llama of the Mesa" by Jessica A. Salomonson, "The Quilt" by John Taylor, "Nemesis" by Gerald Barnes, "The Walls" by Ray Jones, "Thou Shalt Not Suffer" by John Wysocki, and "The Visitor from Beyond" by Dave Reising, in addition to poetry and book reviews. The 32-page magazine is priced at \$2 and subscriptions are 4 issues for \$6. W. Paul Ganley, Box 35, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226.

FANTASY

Fantasy, the quarterly magazine of The Fantasy Artists Network is now in its 7th issue, providing news and articles designed with the fantasy artist in mind. Features in this current issue include an article on "creative" job finding, profiles of Larice Burt and John P. Alexander, an article on how to illustrate "The Fantastic Worlds of Clark Ashton Smith," "Getting Your Art Into the Genzines," and an article on unicorns, in addition to news columns and market reports. The 40-page issue sports a two-color cover by John Hilbert and is priced at \$2.50. Annual membership in the network, which includes four issues of *Fantasy*, is \$8. Fantasy Artists Network, P. O.

Box 5157, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413.

MEGAVORE

J. Grant Thiessen appears to be keeping his new *Megavore* on a tight, bimonthly schedule--certainly a boon for those who enjoyed his earlier *SF Collector*. *Megavore* #10 recently appeared featuring a long and very complete index to the very popular Lancer paperbacks of 1962-1973. Also included are an article on Corinth/Regency paperbacks, "The Emperor of the World" by Nick Carr, an index to the "Not At Night" anthology series by Darrell Schweitzer, and a number of book reviews.

For the serious collector of fantasy and SF, *Megavore* (previously *Science Fiction Collector*) is an invaluable reference tool. Past issues (all currently still available) have included indexes to such paperback publishers as Ace and Ballantine and bibliographies of such authors as Philip Jose Farmer, E. C. Tubb, Fredric Brown and numerous others. Single copies of the 48-page magazine are \$2 and 6-issue subscriptions are \$10. J. Grant Thiessen, Pandora's Books Ltd., Box 86, Neche, ND 58265.

HONOR TO FINUKA

Every time I plug this zine, I'm afraid some P.O. official will spot the above headline and have me arrested for pandering some obscene religious cult. Hell, *Fantasy Newsletter* alone is sufficient to raise some eyebrows...

Seriously, *Honor to Finuka* is an informal newsletter for Jack Vance fans that is slowly becoming a magazine. Issue #3 runs 32 pages and features part one of a long interview with Vance, conducted over KPFC Radio (Los Angeles) in 1976. The balance of the issue is filled out with letters (a lot of them) and news of interest to Vance fans. \$1 per copy or 4 issues for \$4. Kurt Cockrum, 309 Allison, #16, Boston, MA 02146.

Miscellaneous notes: Bob Garcia asks me to report that he is temporarily suspending publication of *Chicago Fantasy Newsletter*, as well as delaying the first issue of his new advertiser, *Century*, due to a death in the family. He plans to be back to work on both magazines by late October or early November. *Century* will be a give-away type advertiser. For additional information, write him at P. O. Box 41714, Chicago, IL 60641.



Shadowings

by Douglas E. Winter

Charlie McGee's parents had once needed two hundred dollars. It was 1969, and they were newly-acquainted college students; marriage and a child were as yet untemplated. The money was easily obtained, by participating in an experiment with a low-grade hallucinogenic called Lot Six. Only two days were required, under the auspices of one Dr. Wanless, who conducted research for the Department of Scientific Intelligence (otherwise known as "The Shop"), an ephemeral CIA-styled agency dedicated to scientific developments "bearing on national security." That Lot Six might develop extraordinary psychic talents in the unwitting subjects of the experiment was known to The Shop; that its long-term effects could be lethal to the subjects was a risk that could be anticipated. But that two of the participants should subsequently marry and procreate was a possibility so inconceivable as to escape safeguards. Yet a child was born--of a mother who had residual telekinesis, and of a father who had developed an awesome power of suggestion that he calls "pushing." The child has inherited not her parent's abilities, but a mutated effect of Lot Six that produces pyrokinesis: the mentally-controlled spontaneous combustion of fire. And now, when she is aged seven, The Shop wants Charlie McGee; they have killed her mother and have driven Charlie and her father underground--penniless, paranoid outlaws who may have nowhere left to hide.

Stephen King introduces *Firestarter* with a quotation from *Fahrenheit 451*: "It was a pleasure to burn." The reference is two-sided: it is a recognition, undoubtedly conscious, of the book's affinity to *Fahrenheit 451* in its concern with individual freedom (and, to a lesser extent, press freedom); but it is also a wryly succinct expression of the moral dilemma at the heart of King's sixth novel. Despite its dust jacket rhetoric and publicity, *Firestarter* is not a horror novel, but a further breeding of the suspense and supernatural genre first explored by King in *The Stand* and magnificently realized in his finest novel, *The Dead*

Zone. With conception and delivery that put the likes of Robert Ludlum to shame, *Firestarter* follows a pursuit and confrontation pattern native to espionage novels; the important difference is the nature of the quarry.

Each of King's novels has featured principal characters who are societal aberrations, typically because of their psychic abilities. King's genius as a prose stylist is his portrayal of these characters in strikingly real, human terms. His works repeatedly dramatize the compelling human consequences of the possession of strange talents, by developing sympathetic reader identification with the protagonist and then producing an intense conflict on both physical and emotional levels that culminates in a confrontation with the person (or, in the case of *The Shining*, the nearly-sentient Overlook hotel) that has evoked their talents. In King's two most recent novels, *The Dead Zone* and now *Firestarter*, this confrontation plays a climactic role, but is secondary to a moral choice that precedes it: a choice that offers interesting reflection on the role of "good" and "evil" in King's fiction.

In the King tradition, Charlie McGee is very much an ordinary little girl despite her extraordinary talent, and she is neither the robot-like simpleton nor the precocious miniature adult that most horror fictioners attempt to pass off as children. Starkly conscious that she is the subject of pursuit because she possesses a power that she cannot understand or fully control, she is a vulnerable creature of reaction, maneuvered again and again by circumstances that intensify her inner conflicts to the breaking point. She is torn by the need to use her power to save her father and herself from capture and, indeed, liquidation; by the guilt instilled by her parents' careful training that use of the power is a "bad thing"; and by the realization of a growing pleasure in the power's use. Yet despite the book's title, its principal character is Charlie's father, Andy McGee. Lacking Charlie's childhood state of grace, it is Andy who must

Artist: Steven Stroud

STEPHEN KING FIRE- STARTER

A Novel by the Author of
THE DEAD ZONE



Firestarter by Stephen King. The Viking Press, New York, September 1980, 428pp. \$13.95

confront the moral consequences of their collective talents--including the grim knowledge that Charlie's power is growing, while continued use of his "push" will likely cause his death.

The forces of "evil" pitted against the McGees are depicted with an intriguing cyclopean imagery. Dr. Wanless, the chief proponent of the experimental drug program, has a mien said to be reminiscent of the "Dr. Cyclops" of motion picture infamy. The Shop is a monolithic bureaucracy conceived in cold war perspectives; it has grown ruthlessly immoral, conspiratorially pervasive and nightmarishly inept. Both The Shop and its epitome and leader, Cap Hollister, are creatures whose time has passed, much as the mythical cyclopes were the stranded remnants of an earlier time--described in Edith Hamilton's classic *Mythology* with apt comparison to The Shop: "Their fierceness and savage temper...did not grow less; they had no laws or court of justice, but each one did as he pleased. It was not a good country for strangers." And then there is Rainbird--"A troll, an orc, a balrog of a man." He "stood two inches shy of seven feet tall, and he wore his glossy black hair drawn back and tied in a curt ponytail. Ten years before, a Claymore mine had blown up in his face during his second tour of Vietnam, and now his countenance was a horror show of scar tissue and runneled flesh. His left eye was gone."

Rainbird is the Polyphemus who

will entrap the McGees in the underground chambers of The Shop's Virginia headquarters. He is obsessed with death, an assassin whose motive is neither greed nor revenge, but a patient quest for the understanding of his own inevitable demise. Although obviously psychopathic, Rainbird's character has precedent in "Mr. Barlow," the elusive vampire of *'Salem's Lot*, in the almost amoral view of death as a form of sustenance. King tends to identify "evil" with moral weakness—as the likes of Greg Stillson (*The Dead Zone*) and Randall Flagg (*The Stand*), as well as the townspeople victims of *'Salem's Lot*, readily demonstrate. Rainbird is no exception; but his tendency to moral ambivalence is a subtle twist, creating a frighteningly real, yet curiously opaque character. By the novel's close, you will want to know more about this one-eyed assassin.

In considering the role of "good" and "evil" in King's fiction, a critical perspective borrowed from anthropology called the *night journey* provides significant insights. It is an archetypal myth dramatized in much great literature, from the Old Testament's *Book of Jonah* to the early modern symbolist masterpiece *Heart of Darkness* to the 1979 National Book Award winner, *Going After Cacciato*: an essentially solitary passage through darkness involving profound spiritual change in the voyager. In its classical form, the night journey is a descent into the earth, followed by a return to light—a theme often used by H. P. Lovecraft. A familiar variant of the classic night journey concerns passage through a tunnel or other dark, enclosed space. One powerful rendition of this variant is the crossing of the Lincoln Tunnel in *The Stand*: a claustrophobic groping through a dream-like landscape from the teeming island of humanity's past to the bright freedom of an uncertain future—a stunning, microcosmic enactment of the novel's principal theme.

One need not accord the night journey a meaning other than literal adventure; and this is particularly so in addressing horror fiction, because the genre's essence is the experiencing of "evil," which is most often represented by an element of "darkness." Rarely, however, does horror fiction relate the archetypal myth in a symbolic manner—the night journey into one's own unconscious, and confrontation of an entity *within the self*. Yet such symbolic use of the night journey seems unusually apparent among the works of horror's premier authors,

including Stephen King.

For Russell Kirk, whose supernatural tales bear a very Christian intent, the night journey is an effective allegory. For H. P. Lovecraft, whose mechanistic materialism tended to transcend ultimate notions of "good" and "evil," the night journey has no end; it was a downward, irreversible spiral into oblivion. In King's works, unlike those of Lovecraft, there is an element of choice: men and women are moral animals, capable of right or wrong, "good" or "evil." Yet King also embraces the notion of an inherent predisposition for "good" or for "evil," most obviously depicted in *The Stand*, where the final remnants of humanity are divided by some non-conscious obsession into two rivalling groups representative of good and evil. Although this view is somewhat similar to that of Kirk, it lacks any explicitly religious underpinning.

In both *The Dead Zone* and *Firestarter*, the element of choice is paramount; and it is echoed in haunting and unequivocal depictions of the night journey. In *The Dead Zone*, the road to Johnny Smith's decision to assassinate Greg Stillson is presaged by the obvious night journey of Smith's coma: "It was a dream, he guessed. He was in a dark, gloomy place—a hallway of some kind... Something else crept in: a feeling that he had *changed*... He had gone into the darkness with everything, and now it felt to him that he was coming out of it with nothing at all—except for some secret strangeness." This "strangeness," of course, is Smith's second sight, which will reveal Stillson's possible destiny and confront Smith with the moral question of whether to commit murder.

In *Firestarter*, a similar choice is presented to Andy McGee, but in less certain terms. Confined in the underground Shop installation, forcibly addicted to Thorazine, apparently bereft of his "push," Andy undergoes the night journey in a claustrophobe's ultimate nightmare. Storms disable the Shop's electrical systems, leaving McGee's small chamber locked and in absolute darkness. He is sent reeling into the depths of his unconscious, to face the decision whether to concede his impotency against the Shop or to resist despite the likelihood that his death will result and that Charlie's powers will be unleashed. He dreams of a journey through dark labyrinthine corridors "until there was no light... a living dark," in which he subconsciously overcomes the addiction, restoring his power; and he faces for

the final time the image of a riderless black horse and its beating hoofs—the inescapable aftereffect of a strenuous "push." The image is profound—intensely evocative of Andy's pain and ironically precognitive of the climactic confrontation between Andy, Charlie and Rainbird, which occurs in the Shop's stables. Like Johnny Smith, Andy must face himself before he will face the antagonist; he must recognize that the ultimate "evil" is within himself. And just as Johnny Smith's choice preserved others from a likely holocaust, Andy's choice frees Charlie to face herself and to make her moral choices in the novel's closing pages.

Although *Firestarter* has powerful characterizations, imagery and execution, it is not without faults. A major shortcoming is King's limited exposition of Vicky McGee, Charlie's mother, who is killed by Shop agents at the beginning of the long chase. As in Stanley Kubrick's film translation of *The Shining*, the superficial exposition of the familial relationship detracts significantly from the drama's emotional impact. Most dissatisfying, however, is the final confrontation scene, which—perhaps in the pursuit of realism—does not fulfill the auspicious possibilities developed throughout the novel.

All told, *Firestarter* must rank as one of King's lesser novels; yet one must recognize the quality of the works under comparison. Although only the future will tell with certainty, *Firestarter* has the earmarks of a transitional work. King's revisiting of concepts and themes explored in *Carrie* and *The Dead Zone* suggests a tying up of loose ends—most striking is the manner in which the lingering pessimism of the apocalyptic, self-destructive use of strange talents in those novels is again invoked in *Firestarter's* climax, and then resolved in the clear optimism of its conclusion. Such a revisiting is understandable, although the vehicle is somewhat disappointing. It produces a reaction similar to the whetting of the appetite; and one can only wait for next September, when King's next night journey is scheduled to begin.

-- Douglas E. Winter



Classified Advertising

(Paperbacks continued from page 25.)

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("The British Scene" by Mike Ashley continued from page 21.)

ing stories, however, was just an occasional spare-time recreation," he continued. "For a long period after 1951 my work left me with little free time, and when, eventually, I had some leisure again I suppose I had lost interest."

Since *The Sound of His Horn* was written in the aftermath of the War, I asked him if it owed its origins to anything he underwent at that time.

"*The Sound of His Horn* derives from the legend of the Wild Huntsman which, I believe, had a place in the folklore of a number of European countries. Von Hackelburg is the Huntsman's name in a medieval German version of the legend which I must have come across in my reading as a young man. I adapted the legend to fit a future that might have been, but I did not draw on any

Special Vampire Edition of the Count Dracula Fan Club 'zine now available. \$2 + 50¢ p/h to *Dracula*, PHN, 29 Wash. Sq. W., NYC, NY 10011

OTHERGATES--alternative sf/fantasy markets list. Info you need before submitting fiction, art, etc. \$2. OWEFLIGHT mag. needs writing, art. SASE for guidelines. M. Kenlin, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608

ARKHAM HOUSE *Skull-Face and Others* by R. E. Howard (1946), very fine, Bok dj slightly frayed, bookplate, \$175. *The Dark Chateau and Other Poems* by C. A. Smith (1951), very fine, Utpatel dj, bookplate, \$200. *Spells and Philtres* by C. A. Smith (1958), very fine, Utpatel dj, bookplate, \$200. Jon L. Lellenberg, 5027 Fillmore Avenue, Alexandria, VA 22311.

KARL EDWARD WAGNER BIBLIOGRAPHY featuring books, fiction, poetry, non-fiction, series index, index to periodicals, and "About the Author." Illustrated and with an addenda that brings the bibliography current to January 1980. This is sold with the authorization of Mr. Wagner. Order *Death Angel: A Bibliography of Karl Edward Wagner* from Joe Marek, 2405 1/2 South 13th Street, Omaha, Nebraska, 68108. Price is \$1 post-paid.

real experiences of my own." Continuing about his other stories, he added, "The scenes of some of those stories are set in countries in which I had served; in *Ringstones* I had Northumberland in mind rather than Yorkshire; the story begins in Newcastle-on-Tyne, but one could find such moorland scenes and old houses in either country."

As to why the name Sarban... "Sarban" is the Persian word for one of those who, in former times, travelled the country with caravans of pack-animals. Story-telling was their diversion in the caravanserai where they made their halts."

Since his retirement John Wall has settled in Wales but, as to whether we can expect to see new Sarban tales, his last words were, alas, "I have no plans to resume writing." But we can live in hope.

-- Mike Ashley

who breaks out of his programmed routine and discovers four similar escapes bent on destroying a mankind trapped in its program. \$1.95.

Out Where the Big Ships Go is a new collection of stories by Richard Couper. Included are the title story, "The Custodians" and three others. Price is \$2.50.

Chronicle is an original fantasy novel by rock musician Joel Zoss, about a miller's son who sets out on a strange quest. \$1.95.

Reprints are *The Demon in the Mirror* by Andrew J. Offutt and *Richard K. Lyon, and The House That Stood Still* by A. E. Van Vogt. The former is \$1.95 and the latter \$2.25.

TOWER BOOKS

October releases under the Tower Books imprint include a new swords & sorcery novel, *Star Ace* by Duncan McGeary (\$2.25). An apprentice healer becomes the reluctant heir of an ancient and powerful star axe, bringing down the black forces of an evil sorcerer king upon himself and his homeland.

The Silverleaf Syndrome by Eleanor Robinson is about a child with "unique powers" abandoned by his mother and placed in an institution. At age five, he murders a guard and escapes to a mysterious swamp where he discovers a secret "so horrifying and astonishing that it could change the ultimate destiny of the human race." \$1.95.

Under the Leisure Books imprint for October is *Siege of Orbitor* by Richard Louis Newman (\$1.95), an SF novel about problems aboard a space-ship enroute to Jupiter when the captain discovers an ulterior motive behind the ship's mission.

Hank Stine, Starblaze Books editor for The Donning Co., has recently been appointed SF consultant for Tower Books, which include books appearing under the Belmont and Leisure Books imprints. Currently in the planning stages are two new series of books for the imprints, "The Hugo Winners" and "The SF Hall of Fame" series. Included in the former series will be titles by authors who have won Hugo awards, including Mark Clifton, Eric Frank Russell and Murray Leinster. Cover artists who will be supplying art for the series include Victoria Poyser, Mark Rogers, George Proctor, Paul Weiner and Marshall Goodwin. *

("Colin Wilson: The Outsider"
continued from page 7.)

particularly self-pitying person--always having had an extremely cheerful disposition--but to have book after book virtually ignored for about ten years is enough to give anybody a feeling of futility. This only seemed to happen with *The Mind Parasites*.

Another important break--although I didn't realize it at the time--occurred in 1967 when Random House, in New York, asked me if I would be willing to write a book about "the Occult." The subject had always mildly interested me, because I could see that it was actually related to my basic interest in the "hidden powers of the mind." But I didn't take the subject particularly seriously. In 1967, I began doing my homework for the book.

In 1966, I had spent a year as a Writer in Residence at a girl's college, Hollins, in Virginia. In 1967, I spent a semester as Writer in Residence at the University of Washington in Seattle. It was in Seattle that I wrote the book *The Philosopher's Stone*, which like *The Mind Parasites*, has become something of a "cult book" in England and America. It has never been out of print since its original publication.

In 1969, when I was broker than usual, I wrote a kind of spoof pornographic book called *The God of the Labyrinth*, a sequel to the other two novels about Gerard Sorme. It made just as little money as any of my previous books...

But finally, in 1971, the tide turned. When *The Occult* was finished, it proved to be more than a quarter of a million words long. Reviews were unexpectedly good--and, amazingly enough, Cyril Connolly and Philip Toynbee once again reviewed me, this time with something of the enthusiasm they'd shown for *The Outsider*. The book sold amazingly well, and for the first time in my life, I suddenly found that I no longer had an overdraft at the bank. By "Best Seller" standards, it certainly didn't make a fortune, but it seemed to me miraculous to receive a royalty check for \$10,000...

Another interesting thing was happening. The majority of my books had gone out of print fairly quickly--very often remaindered. I now discovered from secondhand booksellers that they had a continual demand for them, and that the prices were getting steadily higher. Apparently, a kind of "Colin Wilson cult" was beginning to develop. I even read an advertise-

ment in the *New Statesman* for a "Colin Wilson Society"--which was formed shortly thereafter in London. I was finally invited to attend a meeting, and discovered to my amazement a large hall packed with people. They even had special groups that met twice a week to study *The Outsider*--like Bible classes.

I still didn't make much money --I still don't. But at least I only had an overdraft at the bank for about six months of every year instead of all the time.

I won't go on about all this because it is bound to sound conceited. But it certainly made a tremendous difference not to be permanently broke, and not to feel that my books would sink into prompt oblivion.

In retrospect, I can see that I was simply forced to put into practice what I'd preached in *The Outsider*. I said there that it's important for any kind of creative thinker to stand alone, and to be capable of taking complete neglect. Yet when I considered the neglect of some of those 19th century "Outsiders"--Poe, Melville, Nietzsche, Van Gogh, my heart sank at the idea of having to plod on under the same conditions. Fortunately, I was happily married--to Joy--and found, when she presented me with a daughter, that I seemed to be a born father. So at least I've always had what Poe and Nietzsche never had--a stable family background.

I feel that the sequel to *The Occult*, *Mysteries*, is in some ways a landmark in the development of my work. It is, in a way, an attempt to survey all the ground I've covered from *The Outsider* onwards. Some critics still seem to feel that my ventures into "the Occult" were a mistake--or maybe just a deliberate commercial enterprise. In fact, I have always felt that it is completely central to my obsession with the potentialities of consciousness. My recent recognition that the key to much "paranormal" experience lies in the fact that we have two people living in our heads --in the right and left cerebral hemispheres of the brain--also seems to me to be a kind of watershed. I have explored this discovery in a book I've written about Wilhelm Reich (whose publication has been delayed for years because of wrangles with Reich's literary executrix about quotations), which I'm proof-reading at the moment, and which seems to me to be one of the most exciting things I have ever done. I am also summarizing those ideas in a short book called *Frankenstein's Castle* which I am at present half way through.



Sir Isaiah Berlin distinguished between two types of writers--hedg-hogs and foxes. "The fox knows many things, the hedgehog only knows one." He says Shakespeare is a fox, Tolstoy is a hedgehog. I'm very definitely a hedgehog. All my work tends to center around the same theme--the mystery of human consciousness and the meaning of human existence.

-- Colin Wilson
with
Dr. Jeffrey Elliot

("On Fantasy" by Karl Edward Wagner
continued from page 15.)

regard to cover blurbs, token appearances, reputations or friendships.

If a story did not appear in Series VIII which you knew should have been included, it means one of two things: Either we didn't agree, or else I didn't know about the story. I'll stand by my judgments, but this last is a real nightmare--and this is something you can amend.

It is impossible for any editor to be aware of everything published during a year--all the more so in the case of so ubiquitous a genre as horror fiction. Fortunately, *The Year's Best Horror Stories* has long enjoyed an active participation by its readers. Several of the stories in Series VIII would have eluded me entirely had not someone else--author, editor, agent, fan--called them to my attention. Previous editors of the series have also applauded their freelance volunteer editorial staff--the readers.

And so--if you run across a story from 1980 that you think really belongs in Series IX, please let me know about it. I might not agree with you, but I'll certainly read it--and could be you were right all along.

-- Karl Edward Wagner

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